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# LOCVSTA

VEL

# PIETAS IE-

SVITICA

Ac

PRINCIPIS FLETCHERI

Collegii Regalis

CANTABRIGIÆ.

Apud THOMAM & IOANNEM BUCK,
celeberrimæ Academiæ Typographos.

# LOCVSTÆ,
## VEL
# PIETAS IE-
## SVITICA.

Per

PHINEAM FLETCHER
Collegii Regalis
CANTABRIGIÆ.

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# ROGERO TOVVNSHEND,
# Equiti Baron.

## Musarum omnium Patrono,
## *verè nobili, mihique*
## amicissimo.

*MAgnum illud (optime Musarum pridem Alumne, nunc Patrone) imò planè maximum nobis vitium inest, altiùs naturæ (penitiùs corruptæ) defixum, & defossum, cùm injurias imo, & memori sub corde, beneficia summâ tantùm linguâ, & primoribus vix labris reponimus. In illis retinendis quàm tenaces, pertinaces? In his (præsertim divinis) quàm lubrici, & prorsus elumbes? Illa Gentis Israeliticæ tyrannide plusquam ferreâ (ad vitæ tædium) depressæ in libertatem vindicatio (Proh Deus immortalis!) qualis, quanta? Ægyptios, Regémq; adeò ipsum tumentem odiis ferocémque plurimis, cruentisque admodum plagis maceratos, quàm lenes viderant, & humanos? Maximos hostium exercitus (totúmque adeò Ægypti robur) sine hoste devictos, sine ferro deletos conspexerant: Fluctuum ipsi mœnibus vallati, illos molibus depressos & demersos spectaverant: Rupem sitientibus in flumina liquatam, solum esurientibus pane cœlesti, epulísq; instructissimis constratum, imò (ut nunc moris est) ferculis in cubitos coacervatis planè contectum degustârant. Quàm subitâ tamen oblivione hæc omnia prorsus evanuerunt? Miracula sanè magna, & stupenda; sed (ut no-*

bis in Proverbio est ) non ad triduum durantia. Id nobis hodie vitii est : Celebris illa anni Octogesimi Octavi pugna, imò potiùs sine pugnâ victoria, penitus nobis excidit. Hui! quàm citò! Vidimus Hispanos ante prælium ovantes, dictisque, imò scriptis ὀνυκλοις priusquam solverent triumphantes : Sed quod nos de Martio dicimus, rabie plusquàm leoninâ mensem auspicari, abire vel agnellâ leniorem, id divino adjutorio classi Invictæ contigit. Quin & sulphurea quidem illa, Tartarea imò sanè nullo unquam dæmone vel sperata machinatio divinis solùm oculis patens, divinâ solùm manu patefacta quàm citò, quàm prorsus intercidit ! Vix ulla ( atque illa certè exesa, penitúsque contempta ) proditionis tam horrendæ, liberationis tam stupendæ monumenta restant. Negant impudentes Papistæ, pernegant, ejurántque. Quin & nos diem tanto beneficio illustrem quàm pigri & enervosi ab illorum mendaciis, calumniisque vindicamus ! Ignoscent igitur mihi æqui judices, si Poetarum minimus scelerum omnium longè maximum, crassâ ( ut aiunt ) Minervâ contextum ad perpetuam Iesuiticæ Pietatis memoriam, ad animos Britannorum excitandos, honorémque Deo Servatori restaurandum, in lucem emiserim.

Ignoscent alii; Tu verò Equitum nobilissime, aliquod fraterni, sive paterni potiùs genii vestigium agnosces, & vultu non illæto munusculum accipies ab homunculo

Tuæ dignitati devotissimo

Phin. Fletcher.

# LOCVSTÆ,
## VEL
# PIETAS IESU-
## ITICA.

PAnditur Inferni limen, patet intima Ditis
Ianua, concilium magnum, Stygióſq; Quirites
Accitos, Rex ipſe nigra in penetralia cogit.
Olli conveniunt, volitant umbroſa per auras
Numina, Tartareóq; tumet domus alta Senatu.
Conſidunt, numeróq; omnes ſubſellia juſto
(Concilium horrendum) inſternunt, cauſámq; fluendi
Intenti expectant: ſolio tum Lucifer alto
Inſurgens, dictis umbras accendit amaris,
Manéſq; increpitans cunctantes; Cernitis, inquit,
(Cœlo infenſa cohors, exoſa, expulſáq; cœlo)
Cernitis, ut ſuperas mulcet Pax aurea gentes?
Bella ſilent, ſilet injectis oppreſſa catenis
Inque Erebum fruſtra è terris redit exul Erinnys.
Divino interea reſonant Sacraria verbo,
Indomitus poſſeſſa tenet ſuggeſta Miniſter,
Et victus, victórq; novos vocat impiger hoſtes:
Et nunc ille minis ſtimulans, nunc læta reponens,
Scitè animos flectit monitis, & corda remulcet.
Quin etiam ſancti vulgata Scientia Scripti
Invexit ſuperos terris, & luce coruſcà
Diſſolvit tenebras, noctémq; excuſſit inertem.
Creſcit in immenſum Pietas, finéſque recuſat

Relligionis amor: fugit Ignorantia, lucis
Impatiens, fugit Impietas, artúſque pudendos
Nuda Superſtitio, & nunquam non devius Error.
Vim patitur, gaudétq; trahi cœleſte rapíque
Imperium: quin & gentes emenſa ſupremas,
Virginiam (noſtras, Vmbræ, tot ſecula ſedes)
Aggreditur, mox Cocytum, Stygiáſque paludes
Tranabit, vix hunc nobis Acheronta relinquet.
Nos contrà immemori per tuta ſilentia ſomno
Sternimur interea, & mediâ jam luce ſupini
Stertentes, feſtam trahimus, pia turba, quietem.
Quòd ſi animos ſine honore acti ſine fine laboris
Pœnitet, & proni imperii regníque labantis
Nil miſeret, poſitis flagris, odiíſque remiſſis
Oramus veniam, & dextras præbemus inermes.
Fors ille audacis facti, & juſtæ immemor iræ,
Placatus, facilíſq; manus & fœdera junget.
Fors ſolito lapſos (peccati oblitus) honori
Reſtituet, cœlum nobis ſoliúmq; relinquet.
At me nulla dies animi, cœptíque prioris
Diſſimilem arguerit: quin nunc reſcindere cœlum,
Et conjurato victricem milite pacem
Rumpere, ferventíq; juvat miſcere tumultu.
Quò tanti cecidere animi? Quò priſtina virtus
Ceſſit, in æternam quâ mecum irrumpere lucem
Tentâſtis, trepidúmq; armis perfringere cœlum?
Nunc verò indecores felicia ponitis arma,
Et toties victo imbelles conceditis hoſti.
Per vos, per domitas cœleſti fulmine vires,
Indomitúmq; odium, projecta reſumite tela;
Dum fas, dum breve tempus adeſt, accendite pugnas,
Reſtaurate acies, fractúmq; reponite Martem.
Ni facitis, mox ſoli, & (quod magis urit) inulti
Æternùm (heu) vacuo flammis cruciabimur antro.
Ille quidem nullâ, heu, nullâ violabilis arte,

Securum ſine fine tenet, ſine milite regnum;
A nullo patitur, nullo violatur ab hoſte:
Compatitur tamen, ínque ſuis violabile membris
Corpus habet: nunc ô totis conſurgite telis,
Quà patet ad vulnus nudum ſine tegmine corpus,
Imprimite ultrices, penetúſque recondite flammas.
Accelerat funeſta dies, jam limine tempus
Inſiſtit, cùm nexa ipſo cum vertice membra
Naturam induerint cœleſtem, ubi gloria votum,
Atque animum ſplendor ſuperent, ubi gaudia damno
Creſcant, deliciæque modum, finémque recuſent.
At nos ſupplicio æterno, Stygiiſque catenis
Compreſſi, flammis & vivo ſulphure tecti
Perpetuas duro ſolvemus carcere pœnas.
Hîc anima, extremos jam tum perpeſſa dolores,
Majores ſemper metuit, queritúrque remotam,
Quam toto admiſit præſentem pectore, mortem,
Oráque cæruleas perreptans flamma medullas
Torquet anhela ſiti, fibráſque atque ilia lambit.
Mors vivit, moritúrque inter mala mille ſuperſtes
Vita, vicéſque ipsâ cum morte, & nomina mutat.
Cùm verò nullum moriendi conſcia finem
Mens reputat, cùm mille annis mille addidit annos,
Præteritúmque nihil venturo detrahit ævum,
Mox etiam ſtellas, etiam ſuperaddit arenas,
Iámque etiam ſtellas, etiam numeravit arenas;
Pœna tamen damno creſcit, per flagra, per ignes,
Per quicquid miſerum eſt, præceps ruit, anxia lentam
Provocat infelix mortem; ſi fortè relabi
Poſſit, & in nihilum rurſus diſperſa reſolvi.
Æquemus meritis pœnas, atque ultima paſſis
Plura tamen magnis exactor debeat auſis;
Tartareis mala ſpeluncis, vindictáque cœlo
Deficiat; nunquam, nunquam crudelis inultos,
Immeritóſve Erebus capiet: meruiſſe nefandum

Supplicium medios inter ſolabitur ignes,
Et, licèt immenſos, factis ſuperâſſe dolores.
Nunc agite, ô Proceres, omnéſque effundite technas,
Conſulite, imperióque alacres ſuccurrite lapſo.
Dixerat, inſequitur fremitus, trepidantiáque inter
Agmina ſubmiſſæ franguntur murmure voces.
Qualis, ubi Oceano mox præcipitandus Ibero
Immineat Phœbus, flavíque ad litora Chami
Conveniunt, glomerántque per auras agmina muſcæ,
Fit ſonitus; longo creſcentes ordine turbæ
Buccinulis voces acuunt, ſocióſque vocantes,
Vndas nube premunt; ſtrepitu vicinia rauco
Completur, reſonántque accenſis litora bombis.
Poſtquam animi poſuere, ſoníque relangüit æſtus,
Excipit Æquivocus, quo non aſtutior alter
Tartareos inter technas effingere Patres.
Illi caſtra olim numero farcibat inerti
Creſcens in ventrem Monachus, ſimul agmine juncti
Tonſi ore, & tonſi lunato vertice Fratres:
At nunc felici auſpicio Ieſuitica Princeps
Agmina ducebat, veteranóque omnia latè
Depopulans, magnas paſſim infert milite clades.
Illum etiam pugnantem, illum admirata loquentem
Circuit, & fremitu excepit plebs vana ſecundo.
Compoſuere animos omnes, tacitíque quiêrunt;
Surgit, & haud læto Æquivocus ſic incipit ore;
O Pater, ô Princeps umbrarum, Erebíque poteſtas,
Vt rebare, omnes nequicquam inſumpſimus artes:
Nil tanti valuere doli; nihil omnibus actum
Magnorum impenſis operum, verùm omnia retrò
Deteriùs ruere, ínque bonum ſublapſa referri.
Non ſecùs adverſo pictum tenet amne phaſelum
Anchora, ſi funem, aut mordaces fibula nexus
Solverit, atque illum pronâ trahit alveus undâ.
Nec quenquam accuſa, tentatum eſt quicquid apertâ

Vi fieri, aut preſsâ potuit quod tectiùs arte.
Ille Pater rerum, cui fruſtra obnitimur omnes
(Sed fruſtra juvat obniti) vim magnus inanem
Diſcutit, & cœlo fraudes oſtendit aprico.
Quin ſoliti lento Reges torpeſcere luxu,
Palladiis nunc tecti armis, Muſíſque potentes,
In nos per mediam meditantur prælia pacem.
Nec tamen æternos obliti, abſiſte timere,
Vnquam animos, feſſíque ingentes ponimus iras.
Nec fas, non ſic deficimus, nec talia tecum
Geſſimus, in cœlos olim tua ſigna ſequuti.
Eſt hîc, eſt vitæ, & magni contemptor Olympi,
Quíque oblatam animus lucis nunc reſpuat aulam,
Et domiti tantùm placeat cui Regia cœli.
Ne dubita, nunquam fractis hæc pectora, nunquam
Deficient animis: priùs ille ingentia cœli
Atria, deſertóſque æternæ lucis alumnos
Deſtituens, Erebum admigret, noctémque profundam,
Et Stygiis mutet radiantia lumina flammis.
Quòd ſi acies, fractáſque iterum ſupplere catervas
Eſt animus, ſcitéque malas diſpergere fraudes;
Non ego conſilii, armorum non futilis author:
Nec veteres fruſtra, Genitor, revocabimus artes,
Sed nova, ſed nulli prorſus ſperanda priorum
Aggrediendamihi conamina; Non ego lentos
Nequicquam adſtimulem Fratres, alvúmque ſequentes
Diſtentam Monachos: dum nox, dum plurima terris
Incumbens caligo animos ſopiyit inertes,
Non ingratus erat Fratrum labor, omnia nobis
Artibus ignavis dederat ſecura, trahénſque
Inviſam cœlo lucem, tenebríſve nitentem
Involvens, jam nube diem, jam nocte premebat.
At nebulas poſtquam Phæbus dimovit inanes,
Tratareæ immiſſo patuerunt lumine ſordes,
Nec patitur lucem miles deſuetus apertam.

Nunc alio imbelles tempus ſupplere cohortes
Milite, & emeritos caſtris emittere Fratres:
Nunc Ieſuitarum ſanctum prodentia nomen
Arma, manúſque placent: juvat ipſum invadere cœlum,
Sideraque hærentémque polo detrudere ſolem.
Iam mihi ſacratos felici milite Reges
Protrahere, atque ipſum cœli calcare tyrannum
Sub pedibus videor: nihil iſto milite durum,
Nil ſanctum, clauſúmque manet, quin oppida latè
Præſidiis, urbéſque tenent; jam limina Regum,
Iámque adyta irrumpunt, vel mollibus intima blandi
Corda dolis ſubeunt, vel ferro & cæde refringunt.
Hi vetulæ fucum Romæ, pigméntaq; rugis
Aptantes, ſeros effœtæ nuper amores
Conciliant, lapſúmque decus, formámq; reponunt.
Ni facerent (noctem cœlíque inamabile lumen
Teſtor) mox aliæ ſedes, nova regna per orbem
Exulibus quærenda, ſolóque atque æthere pulſis:
Cocytus tantùm nobis, Erebúſque pateret.
Quin tu (magne Pater) Stygias recluda cavernas,
Ac barathrum in terras, Orcúmq; immitte profundum;
Inſueti totum Superi mirentur Avernum.
Hic ſolita infidis inſpiret prælia Turcis;
Sarmatas hic, gelidóſque incendat Marte Polonos,
Germanóſque duces, hic Reges inflet Iberos;
Regnorúmque ſitim, & nullo ſaturabile pectus
Imperio ſtimulet, diróque intorqueat æſtu.
Ite foras Stygiæ (Princeps jubet) ite catervæ,
Vipereas inferte manus, ſerite arma per agros,
Et ſcelerum, & fœti diſpergite ſemina belli:
Aſt ego Tarpeium Tiberina ad flumina Patrem,
Conciliúmque petam ſolus, mea regna, Latinum,
Murice veſtitum, rubeóque inſigne galero.
Mox ſcelere ingenti, atque ingenti cæde peractâ
Regrediar, Stygiáſque domus, & inania latè

Vndique collectis ſupplebo regna colonis.
At tu, magne Pater, fluitantes contrahe manes;
Præcipitéſque vias, latóſque extende meatus;
Vt patulo denſùm volitantes Orcus hiatu
Corripiat rabidus mentes, intúſque recondat.
Dixit; & illæti perfracto limine Averni
Exiliit primus, lucémque invaſit apertam.
Inſequitur deforme Chaos; ruit omne barathrum,
Fœda, horrenda cohors: trepidant pallentia cœli
Lumina, & incerto Tellus tremit horrida motu.
Ipſe pater pronos laxatis Phæbus habenis
Præcipitat currus, & cœlo territus exit.
Succedit nox umbrarum, cœlúmque relictum
Invadit, multáque premit caligine terras.
Non ſecùs Æoliis emiſſi finibus Auſtri
Omnia corripiunt, terráſque undáſque tumultu
Miſcent, arboreos fœtus, ſegetémque reſectam
Turbine convellunt rapido, verrúntque per auras.
Aſt oculis longè mœſtus ſua vota colonus
Inſequitur, totóque trahit ſuſpiria corde.
Senſerat adventum, ſubitóque inferbuit æſtu
Terra, odiíſque tumet, fœto jam turgida bello:
Circùm umbræ volitant, fraudéſque, & crimina ſpargunt.
Hic gelidos ſemper nivibus, glaciéque Polonos
Exacuit, tacitéque ſubit Ieſuitica totus
Pectora, jámque dolos, cædéſque inſpirat; at illa
Arripiunt avidè flammas, notaque per oſſa
Diſcurrunt furiæ, ínque ſinus ínque ilia ſerpunt.
Jámque in cognatos meditantur bella Suëvos,
Sarmaticáſque ardent Romano adnectere gentes
Pontifici, & Græcas templis expellere leges.
Fictitiam Regis ſobolem, conſutáque belli
Crimina ſupponunt vafri, mentitáque veris
Texunt, Sarmaticóſque implent rumoribus agros.
Cædibus accreſcit bellum, regníque medullis

Hæret inexpletùm: ſemper nova prælia victus
Integrat: erubuere nives jam ſanguine tinctæ
Purpureo,& tepidâ ſolvuntur frigora cæde.
Aſt alii Graias olim cognomine terras,
Graias Pieriis gratiſſima nomina Muſis:
Nunc domitos tutus conſedit Turca per agros.
Inviſunt alacres bello loca fœta perenni,
Et tenero cædem inſpirant & prælia Regi.
Nunc oculo, nunc voce ferox, nunc fronte minatur,
Non epulis luxúve puer, non ille paternâ
Deſidiâ gaudet; ſed bella, ſed aſpera cordi
Ira ſedent, ſævámque ſuperbia Turcica mentem
Inflat, & ingentes volvit ſub pectore motus.
Aut is linigeras aptabit claſſibus alas,
Aut galeas finget, clypeóſque, & (fulmina belli)
Tormenta, impoſitis ſtrident incudibus æra.
Et nunc ille ferox Perſas Aſiámque rebellem
Subjiciens, totum ſpirat de pectore Martem,
Exultánſque animis multâ ſe ſuſcitat irâ.
Heu quæ Chriſticolis cædes, quàm debita peſtis
Imminet? Heu quantus tanto timor inſtat ab hoſte,
Ni tu, Chriſte, malum avertas, tu fulmina, Chriſte,
Diſpergas, & vana manu conamina ludas?
Interea toto dum bella ſeruntur in orbe,
Italiam Æquivocus magnam, & Tiberina fluenta
Adveniens, intrat feralis mœnia Romæ.
Nec mora, nota ſubit mitrati tecta Tyranni,
Quáque incedit ovans, adytíſque vagatur opacis,
Iuſperata Erebo vel aperto crimina ſole
Gaudet ubique tuens, meſſémque expectat opimam.
Dicite, Pierides, quis nunc tenet Itala primus
Arva? Quibus tandem gradibus, quo principe Reges
Exuit, & pingues aptans ſibi Roma cucullos,
Subjicitur raſo modò facta Sororcula Fratri?
Siccine decrepiti pueraſcunt tempore mores,

Pontifice Auguſtum ut mutent, Monachóq; Monarcham?
Poſtquam res Latii totum porrecta per orbem
Creverat, & terras Vrbi ſubjecerat uni,
Subſtitit, & juſto librata in pondere ſedit.
At mox prona ruens, in ſe converſa relabi
Cœpit, & effœtam vix jam, vix ſuſtinet urbem.
Haud ſecùs alternis creſcentes fluctibus undæ
Incedunt, faciléſq; Actæ ſuperantia clivos
Æquora prorepunt tacitè, mox litora complent,
Subjectáſq; procul deſpectant vertice terras:
Iámq; viarum incerta hærent, mox prona recedunt,
Defervénſq; undis paulatim in ſe ipſe reſidit
Nereus, & nulli noto caput abdidit alveo.
Interea Patrum manibus cœleſtia paſſim
Semina ſparguntur, ſurgit cum fœnore campis
Læta ſeges, pleníſq; albeſcunt meſſibus arva.
At ſimul hirſutis horrebat carduus agris,
Et tribuli loliíq; nemus, ſimul aſpera lappæ
Sylva, & lethæos operata papavera ſomnos.
Quippe hominum cœlíq; hoſtis, dum membra colonis
Feſſa quies laxat, tritico vilémq; faſelum
Miſcuit infeſtus, viciáſq; aſperſit inanes.
Mirantur lolium agricolæ, mirantur avenas,
Mortiferáſq; horrent mediis in meſſibus herbas.
Quin etiam imperio Chriſti Pro-chriſtus eodem
Parvus adhuc, clauſúſq; utero ſuccrevit opaco:
Iámq; vias trudens tentaverat, integra Romæ
Auſpicia impediunt, ausíſq; ingentibus obſtant.
At Latiis poſtquam imperium ſegneſceret arvis,
Inq; Biſantinas ſenſim concederet urbes,
Exilit, & juſto prodit jam firmior ævo.
Mox etiam laxis paulatim aſſuetus habenis,
Mauricio ſcelere extincto, duce, & auſpice Phoca,
Excutit aurigam, ínque rotas ſuccedit inanes.
Et nunc raſorum longus producitur ordo

Pontificum, magicâque rudem, Stygiâque popellum
Arte ligans, Italâ ſolus dominatur in aula.
Iámque furens animis, & torquens fulmina, ſceptrum
Paulus habet, clavéſque manu violentus inanes
Projiciens Petri, gladio ſuccinctus acuto
Intonat, & longè diſtantes territat urbes.
Stulte, quid æterni crepitantia fulmina Patris,
Cœleſtéſque minas, & non imitabile numen
Ignibus, ah, fatuis ſimulas? Venetóſque ſagaces,
Et non fictitio terrendos igne Britannos
Exagitas? Aſt hi contrà, cùm debita poſcunt
Tempora (non illi voces, verboſáque chartæ
Fulmina) tela alacres, veráſque in mœnia Romæ
Incutient flammas, carnéſque, & viſcera mandent.
Arma foris Regum Meretrix vetula, arma dolóſque
Exercet, Circæa domi ſed carmina, & artes
Infandas magicis dirùm miſcendo ſuſurris
Irritat flammis, duróſque obtrudit amores.
At cùm feralis languet ſaturata libido,
In facies centum, centum in miracula rerum
Corpora Lethæo transformat adultera cantu.
Aut Aſini fiunt, Vulpéſve, hirtíve Leones,
Atque Lupi, atque Sues, atque exoſæ omnibus Hydræ.
Illi capta quidem dextro, ſed acuta ſiniſtro
Lumine, deformis cæcæ Ignorantia portæ
Excubat, & nebulis aditus, & limen opacat.
Filius huic Error comes aſſidet; ille vagantes
Excipit hoſpitio, & longis circum undique ducit
Porticibus, veterúmque umbras, ſimulacráque rerum
Mirantes, variis fallit per inania ludis.
Intrantem prenſat mores venerata vetuſtos
Stulta ſuperſtitio, properantéque murmura voce
Præcipitans, votis Superos, precibúſque fatigat.
Interiùs ſcelus imperitat, fœcundáque regnant
Flagitia, & mentes trudunt, rapiúntque nefandas.

Inficit hic cœlos audax, Chriſtúmque venenans
Porrigit immiſtis Regi ſacra tanta cicutis.
Lethalem ille Deum, atque imbutam morte ſalutem
Ore capit, multóque lavat peccata veneno.
Hic clavos, virgáſque, crucémque, tua (optime Ieſu)
Supplicia, haſtámque innocuo ſub corde refixam,
Hic truncum, hic ſaxum (ſaxo contemptior ipſe)
Propitium implorat ſupplex, Stygiíſque ululantes
Speluncis flexo veneratur poplite manes.
Hic Cereri, & fluido procumbit ſtultus Iaccho,
Quóſque colit vorat ipſe *D*eos, & numina plenus
(Ah ſcelus!) abſcondit venis, alvóque reponit.
Hic caligantes, cœlum execratus apertum,
Te magicos, Ieſu, te immittens Sagus in ignes,
Vmbras imperiis audax, Stygiúmque nefando
Ore Iovem, totúmque vocat de ſedibus Orcum.
Romulidûm ille Patrum, primæque haud immemor urbis,
Et fovet ipſe lupas, atque ipſe fovetur ab illis.
Hic ſobolem impurus prohibens, caſtóſque hymenæos,
Ah, pathicos ardet pueros, & maſcula turpis
Scorta alit; (heu facinus terris, cœlóque pudendum
Auſus!) purpureo quin mox Pater ille galero
Emeritos donat, proceréſque, oviúmque magiſtros
Eſſe jubet, mox dura Pater, Muſíſque tremenda
Laudat, & inceſtis tutatur crimina Muſis.
Nec requies, fervent nova crimina, fervet honorum
Nummorúmque infanda ſitis; tumet improba faſtu
Conculcans ſtratos immenſa Superbia Reges.
Venerat huc, lætáſque animi vetera agmina luſtrans
Æquivocus falſi ſubiit penetralia Petri:
Quem ſuper Anglorum rebus, Venetóque tumultu
Ardentem curæ, & ſemper nova damna coquebant.
Huic Stygias ſub corde faces, omnéſque nefando
Pectore ſuccendit furias, ille improbus irâ
Concilium vocat. Agglomerant imberbia Fratrum

Agmina, concurrunt veteranis ordine longo
Insignes ducibus Iesuitæ, animísque parati,
Sive dolo libeat, seu Marti fidere aperto.
Discumbunt, sedet in mediis diademate Paulus
Tempora præfulgens triplici, vultúque dolorem
Præfatus, sic tandem iras, atque ora resolvit.
Nil pudet incepto victos desistere? fessos
Deficere, extremóq; ferè languere sub actu,
Nec posse instantem Romæ differre ruinam?
Fata vetant: méne incertis concedere fatis?
Inclusus latebris Monachus tot vertere prædas,
Tot potuit Patri Romano avellere gentes?
Ast ego, quem strato venerantur corpore, sacris
Blanda etiam pedibus libantes oscula Reges:
Quem Superi, quem terra tremit, manésq; profundi,
Qui solio Christi assideo, Christo æmulus ipsi,
Tot mala quotidie, & semper crescentia inultus
Damna fero: & quisquam Romanum numen adoret?
Aut vigiles supplex munus suspendat ad aras?
Iam Veneti juga detrectant, & jussa superbi
Destituunt, Batavus nulla revocabilis arte
Effugit, longéq; escas laqueósque recusat.
Gallia tot compressa malis, tot cladibus acta
Deficit, & jam dimidiâ plus parte recessit.
Ille Navarrenâ infelix ex arbore ramus
(Exosum genus, & divis hostile Latinis)
Quanquam oculos fingens placidos, vultúsq; serenat,
Aggerat ingentem memori sub corde dolorem.
Et velut ille fame, & vinclis infractus ahenis,
Oblitúsq; leo irarum, caudámq; remulcens
Porrectas manibus captabit leniter escas:
Si semel insueto saturaverit ora cruore,
Mox soliti redeunt animi: fremit horridus irâ,
Vincula mox & claustra vorat, rapit ore cruento
Custodem, & primas domitor lacer imbuit iras.

Quid referam totâ divisos mente Britannos,
Quos neque blanditiæ molles, non aspera terrent
Iurgia, non ipsos sternentia fulmina Reges?
Heu sobolem invisam, & satis majora Latinis
Fata Britannorum! Centum variata figuris
Proditio flammis, ferróque, atróq; veneno
Nil agit: infensum detorquet vulnera numen.
Nil Hispana juvat pubes, nil maxima classis,
Quam Tellus stupuit, stupuit Neptunus euntem,
Miratus liquidum sylvescere pinibus æquor.
Quin toto disjecta mari fugit æquore prono,
Iámq; relaxatos immittens navita funes,
Increpitat ventos properans, Euróq; morantes.
Tot precibus properata ægrè, frustráq; redempta
Quid læti tulit illa dies, quâ sidus Elisæ
Occidit, & longo solvit se Roma dolore?
Occidit illa quidem, qua nullam Roma cruentam
Nostra magis vidit, faustámve Britannia stellam.
Sed simul exoritur, quem nos magis omnibus unum
Horremus, gelidâ consurgens Phœbus ab Arcto:
Quem Pallas, quem Musæ omnes comitantur euntem,
Pax simul incedit læto Saturnia vultu,
Lora manu laxans, trahitur captiva catenis
Barbaries: positóq; gemens Bellona flagello.
Non me nequicquam junctum uno fœdere triplex
Imperium terret, terret fatale Iacobi,
Nec frustra impositum Luctantis ab omine nomen.
Quin similis Patri soboles inimica Latino
Nomina Pontifici assumens, radiante superbos
Henricos puer, & Fredericos exprimit ore.
Nunc & equos domitare libet, spumantiáquè ora
Colligere in nodum, sinuosáque flectere colla,
Et teneris hastam jam nunc jactare lacertis.
Quin etiam ille minor, sed non minùs ille timendus
Carolus, haud læto turbat nos omine, cujus

Mortiferam accepit primò sub nomine plagam
Roma, & lethali languens in vulnere, lentâ
Peste cadit, certámque videt moribunda ruinam.
Illa etiam inferior sexu, non pectore, terret,
Quæ reducem nobis fœcundam ostentat Elisam,
Invisum, majus fatis, ac cladibus auctum
Nomen, & invictam spondens post prælia pacem.
Nec me vanus agit terror, quippe illius ore
Prævideo multas nobis, nisi fallor, Elisas.
Quæ mihi spes ultra? Vel me præsaga mali mens
Abstulit, & veris majora pavescere jussit,
Vel calamo Pater, & Musis, sed filius armis
Sternet, & extremis condet mea mœnia flammis.
Hei mihi! sidereæ turres, túque æmula cœli
Vrbs, antiqua Deûm sedes, reginâque terræ,
Quam lana Assyrio pingit fucata veneno,
Quam vestes auro, stellásque imitante pyropo
Illusæ decorant, ostro, coccóque pudentes,
Cui tantum de te licuit? Quæ dextera sacras
Dilacerare arces potuit? Quo numine turres
Dejicere, ingentíque vias complere ruina?
Conticuit: tristísque diu stupor omnibus ora
Defixit, mistóque sinus premit ira dolore.
Vt rediere animi, strepitus, junctáque querelis
Increbuere minæ: dolor iras, ira dolorem
Aggerat, alternísque incendunt pectora flammis:
Tota minis, mistóque fremunt subsellia luctu.
At sonitus inter medios, & maximus ævo,
Et sceptris Iesuita potens, cui cætera parent
Agmina, consurgens ultro sese obtulit: illo
Conspecto siluere omnes, atque ora tenebant
Affixi. Verba Æquivocus versuta loquenti
Suggerit, & cordi custos, oríque residit.
O Pater, ô hominum Princeps, ô maxime divûm
Conditor, haud minor ipse Deo, jam parva caduco

Spes ſupereſt regno, neque te ſententia fallit:
Mœnia præcipitem ſpondent ſublapſa ruinam.
Nullum igitur lacrymis tempus, quin ocyus omnes
Sarcimus veteres, aliáſque reponimus arces.
Quid prohibet quin arte diu tua Roma ſuperſit,
Qua vel nunc ſupereſt? Fatum ſibi quiſque ſupremum eſt,
Et ſortis faber ipſe ſuæ. Nunc, optime, noſtram
Quà fieri poſſit paucis, Pater, accipe mentem.
Vt qui armis hoſtile parat reſcindere vallum,
Non ubi confertis armantur mœnia turmis,
Aut altis cinguntur aquis, ſed quà aggere raro,
Atque humiles tenui muros cinxere coronâ,
Irruit, incautámque malis premit artibus urbem:
Non ſecus infirmi nutantia pectora ſexus
Blanditiis tentanda, dolóque adeunda procaci.
In tenui labor, at lucrum non tenue ſequetur.
Vincitur, & vincit citiùs; citò fœmina diſcit
Errores, ſcitéque docet: gremio illa virili
Infuſa, & niveis cunctantem amplexa lacertis,
Blanda ſinus leviter molles, & pectora vellit,
Mox domitæ imperitat menti, bibit ille venenum,
Et rapit errores animo, penitúſque recondit.
Qui toties ſeptus, toties invictus ab hoſte
Conſtitit, armatum qui dente, atque ungue leonem
Manoïdes dextrâ impavidus lacerabat inermi,
Pellicis in gremio crinem, robúrque relinquens,
Fœmineâ infelix (nullis ſuperandus ab armis)
Arte, ſine enſe jacet, ſine vi, ſine vulnere victus.
His, Pater, haud levibus viſum eſt præludere telis.
Et quoniam illecebris flecti, frangíve recuſat
Vi Batavus, technis ſubeundus, & arte domandus.
Apta nec anſa deeſt: manet illic fortè, ſcholíſque
Imperitat vafri ingenii, fideíque labantis
Arminius, quem magna ſtupet ſequitúrque caterva,
Amphibium genus, & ſtudiis hoſtile quietis.

Hi ſuetis ſtimulandi odiis, ſcitíſque fovendi
Laudibus, ac donis onerandi, rebus Iberis
Vt faveant, ſceptrum Hiſpano obſequiúmque reponant.
Proximus in Gallos labor eſt, quos agmine pleno
Averſos, iterum ad Romam matrémq; reducam.
Pariſios vobis faciłè ſuccidere flores,
Liliáque Hiſpano dabimus calcanda Leoni;
Et trunca, ad ſolitum decuſſo vertice morem,
Stemmata, radicémq; arvis transferre Granatis.
Illa Navarreną infelix ex arbore planta
Enſe recidenda eſt, flammíſque urenda ſupremis.
Dúmque tener flectíque poteſt, neſcítque reniti
Surculus, in truncum mox immittatur Iberum:
Oblitus primi Hiſpanum propagine ſuccum
Imbibat, Hiſpanis excreſcant germina ramis.
Quin modo qui ſectą viduus manet arbore ramus,
Hiſpano diſcat, ſi fas, inoleſcere libro,
Et duplex pietas duplicato creſcat amore.
Hic tragicæ prologus ſcenæ: majora paramus,
Non facinus vulgare fero: quod nulla tacebit,
Credet nulla dies, magnum populíſq; tremendum
Omnibus incepto: nequicquam verba, mináſq;
Conterimus, nequicquam artes projecimus omnes:
Tempora nos urgent mortis ſuprema, ſupremum
Tentandum ſcelus eſt: tollatur quicquid iniqui
Obſtiterit; nec te larvati nomen honeſti
Terreat, aut ſceleris; quin tu moderator honeſti,
Regula tu juſti: per fas, Pater optime, nobis
Pérq; nefas tentanda via eſt, qua frangere duros
Poſſimus, Latiúmq; ipſis inferre Britannis.
Illi hoſtes, illi telíſque dolíſque petendi,
Vindictam reliqui tantam videántq;, tremántq;.
Nec mihi mens ſolum gelidis auferre cicutis,
Aut armis Regem, cultróve invadere: magnum,
Sed priùs auditum eſt facinus; certiſſimus ultor

Et sceptris odiisque puer succedet avitis.
Sed Regem pariter, paritérque inflexile semen,
Sed Proceres, Patrésque Equitésque & quicquid ubique
Prudentis vulgi est, ictu truncabimus uno.
Quin domitos sine telo omnes, sine vulnere victos
Flagitio, Pater, una uno dabit hora Britannos.
Quà facere id possim, paucis adverte, docebo.
Stat bene nota domus, saxo constructa vetusto,
Marmore cælato, & Pariis formosa columnis,
Quà celebris Thamo generatus & Iside nymphâ
Thamisis inflexo Ludduni mœnia fluctu
Alluit, ingentémque excurrere mœnibus urbem,
Crescentésque videt semper splendescere turres.
Quáque Austros patulis immittit aperta fenestris,
Fronte superba alte submissas despicit undas.
Huc fluere, & primis omnes concurrere regnis
Et Proceres terræ & Patres Plebémque Britannæ.
Ipse etiam primum tota cum prole Senatum
Reginâ simul ingreditur comitante Iacobus.
Hîc lapsos revocant mores, Romæque cruentas
Imponunt leges, & pœnas sanguine poscunt.
At latebræ subter cæcæ, magnísq; cavernæ
Excurrunt spatiis, multo loca fœta Lyæo.
His tacitè nitrum & viventia sulphura tectis
Subjiciam, Stygióque implebo pulvere sedes.
Vt numero primùm crescunt subsellia justo,
Et semel intumuit pleno domus alta Senatu,
Tecta ruam: juvat horrendos procul aure fragores
Excipere, & mistas latoribus aere leges
Correptas spectare: juvat semusta virorum
Membra, omnésque supra volitantes æthere Reges
Cernere: rupta gemet Tellus, & territa cœli
Dissilient spatia; ast alto se gurgite præceps
Thamisis abscondet, mirabitur æthera Pluto,
Et trepidi fugient immisso lumine manes.

Dixerat: applaudunt omnes, magis omnibus ipſe
Conſilium laudat ſanctus Pater, ipſe labantis
Patronum Romæ læto ſic ore ſalutat:
Dii Patribus fauſti ſemper, cultíque Latinis,
Non omnino tamen morituræ mœnia Romæ
Deſeritis, tales cùm animos, & tanta tuliſtis
Pectora, jam verſis Latium floreſcere fatis
Aſpicio, effœtámque iterum juveneſcere Romam.
Aſt ego quas tandem laudes pro talibus auſis,
Quæ paria inveniam? Quin tu mox aureus æde
Stabis, victrici ſuccinctus tempora lauro.
Ipſe ego marmoreas, meritis pro talibus, aras
Adjiciam, ipſe tibi vota, & pia thura frequenter
Imponam, & ſummos jam nunc meditabor honores.
Salve præſidium fidei columénque Latinæ:
Incipe jam cœlo aſſueſci, ſtelláſque patentes
Ingreditor, manibúſque coli jam diſce ſupinis.
Interea Æquivocus manes, atq; infima Ditis
Regna petens, magnis Erebum rumoribus implet,
Inventum facinus, cujus cælúmque ſolúmque,
Atque umbras pudeat ſteriles, quod cuncta, quod ipſas
Vicerit Eumenidas, totóque à crimine ſolvat.
At Ieſuita memor ſceleris, cœptíque nefandi,
Lucifugæ devota Iovi, Patríque Latino
Pectora de tota excerpit lectiſſima gente:
Digna quidem proles Italâ de matre Britanna.
Hic dirum à Facibus certo trahit omine nomen,
Ille Hyemes referens, magnos portenderat imbres,
Raptáque perpetuâ minitatur lumina nocte.
Hic trahit à Foſſis, raucis hic nomina Corvis:
His Ieſuita nefas aperit, totúmque recludens
Conſilium, horrendíſque ligans Acherontica diris
Vota, truces ipſo cædes obſignat Iëſu.
Iámque illi, ruptæ media inter viſcera matris,
Accelerant, duros (agreſtia tela) ligones

Convectant, orco vicini, dirius orco
Infodiunt altè ſcelus, interiúſque recondunt.
Dúmque operi incumbunt alacres, creſcúntque ruinæ,
Neſcio quos multâ viſi ſub nocte ſuſurros
Percipere, & tenui incertas cum murmure voces.
Vicinos illi manes, Erebúmque timentes
Diffugiunt trepidi, refluunt cum ſanguine mentes:
Iamque umbris ſimiles ipſi vitantur, ut umbræ,
Et vitant, ipſíque timent, ipſíque timentur.
Hic medio lapſus curſu immotúſque recumbens
Preſsâ animâ, clauſíſque oculis, jam flagra ſequentis
Tiſiphones, uncáſque manus, & verbera ſperat.
Ille cavas quærit latebras, cupáque receptus
Nitrosâ, trepidos intra ſe contrahit artus.
Sic cùm membra ſilent placidâ reſoluta quiete,
Terrenus nigra inficiens præcordia fumus
Invadit mentem, jàmque umbram effingit inanem,
Tædâ umbram Stygiâ armatam, ſaniéque madentem:
Omnia turbantur ſubitò, volat ille per auras
Exanimis deménſque metu, fruſtráque refixos
Increpat uſque pedes; præſens inſultat imago,
Iam tergum calcémque terens: vox ore ſepulta
Deficit, & dominum fallaci prodit hiatu.
Vt reduci mox corde metus ſedantur inertes,
Paulatim apparent rari latebráſque relinquunt:
Incertíque metus tanti, ſed pergere certi,
Cautiùs arrectâ captabant aure ſuſurros.
Vt tandem humanam agnoſcunt ex murmure vocem,
Læti abeunt, ortóque die vicina Lyæo
Sacrata ediſcunt latis excurrere cellis.
Conducunt, nitrúmque avidè, ſulphúrque recondunt,
Et ligno ſcelus & conjecto vimine celant.
Iámque nefas felix ſtabat, promptúmque ſeniles
Temporis increpitant greſſus, lucémque morantem.
Sed quid ego nullo effandum, nullóque tacendum

Tempore flagitium repeto? Quid nomina Diris
Vota, & perpetuis repeto celebranda tenebris?
At fruſtra celabo tamen quod terra ſtupeſcit,
Quod Superi exhorrent, quod Tartarus ipſe recuſat,
Ejurátque nefas: inciſum marmore crimen
Vivet in æternum, pariter Ieſuitica longùm
Simplicitas vivet, rerúmque piiſſima Roma.
Iámque optata dies aderat, quâ more vetuſto
Conveniunt magno Proceréſque Patréſque Senatu:
Ipſe ſacris Princeps devinctus tempora gemmis,
Aut phalerato inſignis equo, currúve ſuperbus
Ingreditur, laterique hæret pulcherrima Conjux,
Et ſobole & formâ fortunatiſſima princeps.
Proximus incedit facie vultùque ſereno
Ille animum oſtentans patrium matríſque decores,
Miſtáque concordi felicia prælia paci,
Henricus, placidóque refulgens Carolus ore.
Virgineáſque ſimul, Magnatum incendia, turmas,
Inſignes formâ nymphas, formoſior ipſa
Flagrantes perfuſa genas inducit Eliſa,
Et nivibus roſeum commiſcuit ore pudorem.
Haud ſecus innumeris cœlo ſtipata ſereno
Ignibus incedit, radióſque argentea puros
Dijaculans, cunctis præfulget Cynthia ſtellis.
Mox Procerum accreſcunt multo ſplendentia luxu
Agmina, gemmiſque inſignes & murice fulgent,
Conciliúmque petunt conferti; effuſus euntes
Proſequitur plauſúſque virûm, clangórque tubarum,
Et fauſtis miſtus precibus ferit ardua clamor
Sidera, tota fremit feſtis urbs quaſſa triumphis.
Nox erat, & Facii Titan ſceleríſque propinqui
Avolat impatiens, ſtimulíſque miníſque jugales
Exagitans, latet adverſo jam tutus in orbe;
Quáque volat, patulæ luſtrans tot crimina terræ,
Nullum æquale videt, Thracéſque Getáſque cruentos,

Quíq;

Quíq; Platam, Gangem, rapidum qui potat Oraxem,
Qui Phlegetonta, omnes omni jam crimine ſolvit.
Diffugiunt ſtellæ, nequicquam impervia tentans
Æquora collectis nebulis extinguitur Vrſa.
Manibus, & ſceleri nox apta, at nigrior ipsâ
Nocte facem plumbo ſeptam, tædámque latentem
Veſte tegens, cellam Facius criménq; reviſit.
Dúmq; opus effingit tragicum, facinúſq; retexit,
Multa timet ſperátq; : hinc pœna, hinc præmia pectus
Sollicitant, dubio deſciſcunt viſcera motu.
Iámque vacillantem Æquivocus cœnámq; precéſq;
Cœcúmq; obſequium menti, Papámq; reponens
Fulcit, & injectis obfirmat pectora Diris.
Aſt oculos ſummo interea deflexit Olympo
Ille Pater rerum, certo qui ſidera curſu
Magna rotat, terráſq; manu, & maria improba claudit.
Confectáſque videns fraudes, cæcíſque cavernis
Crimina vicino matura tumeſcere partu;
Mox Aquilam affatur, ſolio quæ ſternitur imo
Advigilans, liquidáſq; alis mandata per auras
Præcipitat : Confeſtim Anglos pete nuncia clivos,
Et Proceres ſummis curam de rebus habentes
Aggreſſa, ambiguo fraudes ſermone recludas,
Atque acres cœco turbes ænigmate ſenſus.
Ipſe ego dum voces alto ſub pectore verſant,
Ipſe oculos mentémq; dabo, qua infanda Iacobus
Auſa, & Tarpeii evolvat conamina Patris.
Dixerat : at levibus volucris ſecat æthera pennis,
Ocyor & vento, & rapido Iovis ocyor igne.
Iámq; ſimul niveas Ludduni aſſurgere longè
Aſpicit, aſpectáſq; ſimul tenet impigra turres.
Penniger hic primùm contractis nuncius alis
Conſtitit, & formoſa videns fulgeſcere tecta,
Coctilibus muris, parilíq; rubentia ſaxo,
Ingreditur, magno poſuit quæ ſplendida ſumptu

Qui patriis major ſuccrevit laudibus heros,
Prudentis ſoboles patris prudentior ipſe.
Hunc, ubi conſilium pleno de pectore promit,
Mirantur Britones læti, mirantur Iberi,
Et laudant animos trepidi, metuúntque ſagaces.
Ille etiam gazam (major tamen ipſe) Btitannam,
Ille etiam Muſas tutatur, & otia Muſis,
Chamus ubi anguſtas tardo vix flumine ripas
Complet, decrepitóque pater jam deficit amne.
Ille mihi labro teretes triviſſe cicutas,
Ille modos fauſtus calamo permiſit agreſti.
Huc ubi perventum eſt, mutato nuntius ore
Perplexâ attonito deſcriptas arte tabellas
Tradidit heroi, & mediæ ſeſe ocyus urbi
Proripiens, ſuetis iterum ſe condidit aſtris.
Ille legens cæci ſtupuit veſtigia ſcripti,
Atque iterum voces iterúmque recolligit omnes,
Iámque hoc, jámque illud, jam ſingula pectore verſat.
Quid te fruſtra, heros, angis? Non ſi Oedipus author
Spondeat, hos animo ſperes reſcindere nodos.
Non minimum eſt crimen crimen præſumere tantum,
Nec virtus minima eſt ſcelus ignoráſſe profundum,
Quod bene cùm ſcieris, non ſit tibi credere tantum.
Poſtquam feſſa oculos nihil ipſa excerpere nigris
Suſpicio ſcriptis potuit, nihil omnibus actum
Conſiliis, ipſi referunt ænigmata Regi.
Ille oculo nodos facili, ſcelerúmque nefandas
Percurrens animo ambages (dum nubila ſpargit
Lux lucis, mentémque aperit) mox omnia pandit
Monſtra, aperítque nefas ſolus, tenebráſque reſolvit.
Quin medias inter rechnas jam nocte profundâ
Artificem ſceleris prendunt, patet alta nitroſo
Pulvere fœta domus, penitúſque recondita Soli
Crimina miranti, & cœlo oſtenduntur aperto.
Non ſecus atque Euris media inter viſcera preſſis

Rupta patet Tellus, magnóque fatiſcit hiatu,
Diſſultant pavidi montes, penitúſque cavernis
Immittunt Phæbum, furiáſque, umbráſque recludunt.
Apparet deforme Chaos Stygiíque penates,
Apparet barathrum, & diri penetralia Ditis,
Mirantúrque diem perculſo lumine Manes.
Iâmque ipſo pariter cum crimine, criminis author
Protrahitur, circum populus fluit omnis euntem:
Expleri nequeunt animi frontémque tuendo
Torvam, ſqualentéſque genas, nemoroſáque ſetis
Ora, & Tartareas referentia lumina tædas.
Ille autem audenti ſimilis, ſimilíſque timenti,
Nunc fremitu turbam, & dictis ridere ſuperbis,
Diductíſque ferox inhiantem illudere labris;
Nunc contrà trepidare metu, tremulóſque rotare
Circùm oculos, jam flagra miſer, dextrámque parati
Carnificis medios inter ſævire cruores
Sentit, jámque Erebum ſpectat furibundus hiantem:
Et ſemeſa inter labentes membra dracones
Percipiens, æternæ horret primordia pœnæ.
O Pater, ô terræ, & ſummi Regnator Olympi,
Quas tibi pro meritis laudes, quæ munera læti
Tantâ ſervati dabimus de clade Britanni?
Non nos, non miſeri, (nec tanta ſuperbia lapſis)
Sufficimus meritis: ſed quas priùs ipſe dediſti,
Quas iterum ſolas repetis, Pater, accipe mentes.
Dum domus æterno ſtabit pulcherrima ſaxo,
Pulvere ſulphureo, & tantis erepta ruinis,
Dum tumidis Nereus undarum mœnibus Anglos
Soſpitet, & tundat liventes æquore clivos,
Semper honos, ſempérque tuum ſolenne Britannis
Nomen erit; te, Magne Pater, te voce canemus,
Factáque per ſeros dabimus memoranda nepotes.
Tu, Pater, Æolia fratres ſub rupe furentes
Tu premis, inmenſóque domas luctantia clauſtro

Pectora,

Pectora, tu vastos turbata ad litora montes
Frangis, aquásque inhibes, Rector, retrahísque rebelles:
Tu, Pater, hibernæ, tu laxas vincula nocti,
Et lenta æstivo tardas vestigia Soli.
Te reduces iterum flores, te terra jubente
Pubescit, virides crinescunt vertice Fagi.
Imperiis Sol ipse tuis inmitior ignes
Dijaculat Nemeum medius, Cancrúmque rubentem
Inter, & effœtas tumido de semine fruges
Evocat, ac teneras duro coquit aridus æstu.
Mox iterum ignoto dilapsus tramite Phœbus
Declinat, jámque Æthiopes, Nilíque fluenta,
Desertásque Libum propior despectat arenas.
Nos anni premit effœti properata senectus;
Flavent pampineæ frondes, salicésque recurvæ,
Decrepitæ fluxis calvescunt crinibus ulmi.
Tu, Pater, invictas quas jactat Iberia classes
Frangis, & ingentes dispergis in æthera motus,
Iámque etiam ereptâ (sacro mihi nomine) Elisâ,
Ingentem meritos cladem, ingentémque timentes
Restituis, placidóque ferens tria septra Iacobo,
Multiplicem nobis reddis placatus Elisam.
Salve, summe Heros, ætatis gloria nostræ,
O Decus Anglorum, Princeps, patriæque beatus
Musarúmque pater, placidam tu pacis olivam
Angligenis infers felix, majoráque votis
Gaudia, & æternos firmas in prole triumphos.
Tu bifidum clauso nobis premis obice Ianum,
Pieridúmque potens armis, feralia sacræ
Mœnia prosternis Romæ, Regúmque lupanar
Diruis, & nimio meretricem vulnere figis.
Accipe pubentem tenerâ lanugine Musam,
Quæ salices inter spretas, ulvámque palustrem,
(Non lauros palmásque ambit) proludere discit,
Et tentans sese innatos depascitur ignes.

Quà Pater externis Chamus vix cognita rivis
Flumina demulcens, Regales alluit hortos,
Templáq; ſubmiſſis veneratur Regia lymphis.
Mox ubi pennatis crevit maturior alis,
Te canere audebit, tua (Princeps) condere facta:
Exhauſtóq; tumens Helicone, undantia pleno
Carmina diffundet fluvio; cœlum audiet omne,
Audiet omne nemus: reſonabilis accinet Eccho.

*FINIS.*

# THE LOCVSTS, OR APOLLYONISTS.

By

PHINEAS FLETCHER

of

Kings Colledge

in

CAMBRIDGE.

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# CONTENTS.

# To the right noble Lady TOVVNSHEND.

*EXcellent Lady, as the Roote from which you ſprang, thoſe ever by me honoured, and truly honourable Parents; ſo the Stocke into which you are newly grafted (my moſt noble friend) challenge at my hand more honour, then I can, not more then I would give you. It may perhaps ſeeme ſtrange, that I have conſecrated theſe uncombed verſes to your hands, yet unknowne; unknowne I confeſſe, if knowledge were by ſight onely. But how ſhould he not know the Branch, who knowes the Tree? How ſhould I but ſee your ingenuous nature in their noble Genius? Who can be ignorant of the Science, who knowes as well the Roote that bare, and nourſht it, as the Stocke into which it is grafted? Marvell not then, that in the dedication of this little Pamphlet, I durſt not ſeparate you, who are ſo neere by Gods owne hand united. And not for mine (who cannot aſpire to deſerve any reſpect from you) but his ſake, who is (my heart) your head, accept this poore ſervice. So may you ſtill enjoy on earth the joyes and fruites of a chaſte, and loving bed; and at length the moſt glorious embraces of that moſt excellent Spouſe in heaven.*

Your unknowne ſervant in all
Chriſtian love,
P. F.

## To my Friend the Author.

*When after-times read in thy living Muse*
*The Shame of ours, it will be thought th' Abuse*
*Of this blacke age, and that this matchlesse Crime*
*Is th' issue of thy Braine, not of the Time.*
*And though the Actors in this dismall Vow*
*Had their deserts, yet dy'de they not till now*
*Thou giv'st them life: the life thy Verses give*
*Is the reward of those that ought not live,*
*But where their Plot and they may naked ly,*
*And be made o're to lasting Infamy.*
*Begin, and who approove not thy relation,*
*Lik't Them and It: forfeit their preservation.*

H. M.

# THE LOCVSTS, OR APOLLYONISTS.

## CANTO I.

1

OF Men, nay Beasts: worse, Monsters: worst of all,
Incarnate Fiends, Englisht Italianat,
Of Priests, O-no, Masse-Priests, Priests-Cannibal,
Who make their Maker, chewe, grinde, feede, grow fat
With flesh divine: of that great Cities fall; (presse sat,
Which borne, nurs't, growne with blood, th'Earth's Em-
Clens'd, spous'd to Christ, yet backe to whoordome fel,
None can enough, something I faine would tell.
How black are quenched lights! Faln'e Heaven's a double
(hell.

2

Great Lord, who grasp'st all creatures in thy hand,
Who in thy lap lay'st downe proud Thetis head,
And bind'st her white curl'd locks in caules of sand,
Who gather'st in thy fist, and lay'st in bed
The sturdy winds; who ground'st the floting land
On fleeting seas, and over all hast spread
Heaven's brooding wings, to foster all below;
Who mak'st the Sun without all fire to glow,
The spring of heat and light, the Moone to ebbe and flow:

3

Thou world's ſole Pilot, who in this poore Iſle
(So ſmall a bottome) haſt embark't thy light,
And glorious ſelfe: and ſtear'ſt it ſafe, the while
Hoarſe drumming ſeas, and vvinds lowd trumpets fight,
Who cauſeſt ſtormy heavens here onely ſmile:
Steare me poore Ship-boy, ſteare my courſe aright;
Breath gracious Spirit, breath gently on theſe layes,
Be thou my Compaſſe, Needle to my wayes,
Thy glorious work's my Fraught, my Haven is thy prayſe.

4

*Revel.* 17.2. 3. 4. 6.

Thou purple Whore, mounted on ſcarlet beaſt,
Gorg'd with the fleſh, drunk with the blood of Saints,
Whoſe amorous golden Cup, and charmed feaſt
All earthly Kings, all earthly men attaints;
See thy live pictures, ſee thine owne, thy beſt,
Thy deareſt ſonnes, and cheere thy heart, that faints.
Harke thou ſav'd Iſland, harke, and never ceaſe
To prayſe that hand which held thy head in peace.
Elſe had'ſt thou ſwumme as deep in blood, as now in ſeas.

5

The cloudy Night came whirling up the skie,
And ſcatt'ring round the dewes, which firſt ſhee drew
From milky poppies, loads the drouſie eie:
The watry Moone, cold Veſper, and his crew
Light up their tapers: to the Sunne they fly,
And at his blazing flame their ſparks renew.
Oh why ſhould earthly lights then ſcorne to tine
Their lamps alone at that firſt Sunne divine?
Hence as falſe falling ſtarres, as rotten vvood they ſhine.

6

Her ſable mantle was embroydered gay
With ſilver beames, with ſpangles round beſet:
Foure ſteedes her chariot drew, the firſt was gray,
The ſecond blue, third browne, fourth blacke as jet.
The hollowing Owle her Poſt prepares the way,
And winged dreames (as gnat-ſwarms) fluttring, let
Sad ſleep, who faine his eies in reſt would ſteep.
Why then at death doe weary mortals weep?
Sleep's but a ſhorter death, death's but a longer ſleep.

7

And now the world, & dreames themſelves were drown'd
In deadly ſleep; the Labourer ſnorteth faſt,
His brawny armes unbent, his limbs unbound,
As dead, forget all toyle to come, or paſt,
Onely ſad Guilt, and troubled Greatnes crown'd
With heavy gold and care, no reſt can taſt.
Goe then vaine man, goe pill the live and dead,
Buy, ſell, fawne, flatter, riſe, then couch thy head
In proud, but dangerous gold: in ſilke, but reſtleſſe bed.

8

When loe a ſudden noyſe breakes th'empty aire;
A dreadfull noyſe, which every creature daunts,
Frights home the blood, ſhoots up the limber haire.
For through the ſilent heaven hells purſuivants
Cutting their way, command foule ſpirits repaire
With haſt to Pluto, who their counſell wants.
Their hoarſe-baſe-hornes like fenny Bittours ſound;
Th'earth ſhakes, dogs howle, & heaven it ſelfe aſtound
Shuts all his eies; the ſtars in clouds their candles drown'd.

9

Meane time Hels yron gates by fiends beneath
Are open flung; which fram'd with wondrous art
To every guilty ſoule yeelds entrance eath;
But never wight, but He, could thence depart,
Who dying once was death to endleſſe death.
So where the livers channell to the heart
Payes purple tribute, with their three-fork't mace
Three Tritons ſtand, and ſpeed his flowing race,
But ſtop the ebbing ſtreame, if once it back would pace.

10

The Porter to th'infernall gate is Sin,
A ſhapeleſſe ſhape, a foule deformed thing,
Nor nothing, nor a ſubſtance: as thoſe thin
And empty formes, which through the ayer fling
Their wandring ſhapes, at length they'r faſtned in
The Chryſtall ſight. It ſerves, yet reignes as King:
It lives, yet's death: it pleaſes, full of paine:
Monſter! ah who, who can thy beeing faigne?
Thou ſhapeleſſe ſhape, live death, paine pleaſing, ſervile (raigne.

11

Of that firſt woman, and th'old ſerpent bred,
By luſt and cuſtome nurſt; whom when her mother
Saw ſo deform'd, how faine would ſhe have fled
Her birth, and ſelfe? But ſhe her damme would ſmother,
And all her brood, had not He reſcued
Who was his mothers ſire, his childrens brother;
Eternitie, who yet was borne and dy'de:
His owne Creatour, earths ſcorne, heavens pride,
Who th' Deitie inflesht, and mans fleſh deifi'de.

12

Her former parts her mother ſeemes reſemble,
Yet onely ſeemes to fleſh and weaker ſight;
For ſhe with art and paint could fine diſſemble
Her loathſome face: her back parts (blacke as night)
Like to her horride Sire would force to tremble
The boldeſt heart; to th'eye that meetes her right
She ſeemes a lovely ſweet, of beauty rare;
But at the parting, he that ſhall compare,
Hell will more lovely deeme, the divel's ſelfe more faire.

13

Her roſie cheeke, quicke eye, her naked breſt,
And whatſoe're looſe fancie might entice,
She bare expos'd to ſight, all lovely dreſt
In beauties livery, and quaint deviſe:
Thus ſhe bewitches many a boy unbleſt,
Who drench't in hell, dreames all of Paradiſe:
Her breſts his ſpheares, her armes his circling skie;
Her pleaſures heav'n, her love eternitie:
For her he longs to live, with her he longs to die.

14

But he, that gave a ſtone power to deſcry
'Twixt natures hid, and checke that mettals pride,
That dares aſpire to golds faire puritie,
Hath left a touch-ſtone, erring eyes to guide,
Which cleares their ſight, and ſtrips hypocriſie.
They ſee, they loath, they curſe her painted hide;
Her, as a crawling carrion, they eſteeme:
Her worſt of ills, and worſe then that they deeme;
Yet know her worſe, then they can think, or ſhe can ſeem.

15

Close by her sat Despaire, sad ghastly Spright,
With staring lookes, unmoov'd, fast nayl'd to Sinne;
Her body all of earth, her soule of fright,
About her thousand deaths, but more within:
Pale, pined cheeks, black hayre, torne, rudely dight;
Short breath, long nayles, dull eyes, sharp-pointed chin:
Light, life, heaven, earth, her selfe, and all shee fled.
Fayne would she die, but could not: yet halfe dead,
A breathing corse she seem'd, wrap't up in living lead.

16

In th' entrance Sicknes, and faint Languour dwelt,
Who with sad grones tolle out their passing knell:
Late feare, fright, horrour, that already felt
The Torturers clawes, preventing death, and hell.
Within loud Greife, and roaring Pangs (that swelt
In sulphure flames) did weep, and houle, and yell.
And thousand soules in endles dolours lie,
Who burne, frie, hizze, and never cease to crie,
Oh that I ne're had liv'd, Oh that I once could die!

17

And now th' Infernal Powers through th' ayer driving,
For speed their leather pineons broad display;
Now at eternall Deaths wide gate arriving,
Sinne gives them passage; still they cut their way,
Till to the bottome of hells palace diving,
They enter Dis deepe Conclave: there they stay,
Waiting the rest, and now they all are met,
A full foule Senate, now they all are set, (swet.
The horride Court, big swol'ne with th' hideous Counsel

18

The mid'ſt, but loweſt (in hells heraldry
The deepeſt is the higheſt roome) in ſtate
Sat Lordly Lucifer: his fiery eye,
Much ſwol'ne with pride, but more with rage, and hate,
As Cenſour, muſter'd all his company;
Who round about with awefull ſilence ſate.
This doe, this let rebellious Spirits gaine,
Change God for Satan, heaven's for hells Sov'raigne:
O let him ſerve in hell, who ſcornes in heaven to raigne!

19

Ah wretch, who with ambitious cares oppreſt,
Long'ſt ſtill for future, feel'ſt no preſent good:
Deſpiſing to be better, would'ſt be beſt,
Good never; who wilt ſerve thy luſting mood,
Yet all command: not he, who rais'd his creſt,
But pull'd it downe, hath high and firmely ſtood.
Foole, ſerve thy towring luſts, grow ſtill, ſtill crave,
Rule, raigne, this comfort from thy greatnes have,
Now at thy top, Thou art a great commanding ſlave.

20

Thus fell this Prince of darknes, once a bright
And glorious ſtarre: he wilfull turn'd away
His borrowed globe from that eternall light:
Himſelfe he ſought, ſo loſt himſelfe: his ray
Vaniſh't to ſmoke, his morning ſunk in night,
And never more ſhall ſee the ſpringing day:
To be in heaven the ſecond he diſdaines:
So now the firſt in hell, and flames he raignes,
Crown'd once with joy, and light: crown'd now with fire (and paines.

21

As where the warlike Dane the ſcepter ſwayes,
They crowne Vſurpers with a wreath of lead,
And with hot ſteele, while loud the Traitour brayes,
They melt, and drop it downe into his head.
Crown'd he would live, and crown'd he ends his dayes:
All ſo in heavens courts this Traitour ſped.
Who now (when he had overlook't his traine)
Riſing upon his throne, with bitter ſtraine
Thus 'gan to whet their rage, & chide their fruſtrate paine

22

See, ſee you Spirits (I know not whether more
Hated, or hating heaven) ah ſee the earth
Smiling in quiet peace, and plenteous ſtore.
Men fearles live in eaſe, in love, and mirth:
Where armes did rage, the drumme, & canon rore,
Where hate, ſtrife, envy raign'd, and meagre dearth;
Now lutes, and viols charme the raviſh't eare.
Men plow with ſwords, horſe heels their armors weare.
Ah ſhortly ſcarce they'l know what warre, & armors were

23

Vnder their ſprowting vines they ſporting ſit.
Th' old tell of evils paſt: youth laugh, and play,
And to their wanton heads ſweet garlands fit,
Roſes with lillies, myrtles weav'd with Bay:
The world's at reſt: Erinnys, forc't to quit
Her ſtrongeſt holds, from earth is driven away.
Even Turks forget their Empire to encreaſe:
Warres ſelfe is ſlaine, and whips of Furies ceaſe.
Wee, wee our ſelves I feare, will ſhortly live in peace.

24

Meane time (I burne, I broyle, I burſt with ſpight)
In midſt of peace that ſharpe two edged ſword
Cuts through our darknes, cleaves the miſty night,
Diſcovers all our ſnares; that ſacred word
(Loc'kt up by Rome) breakes priſon, ſpreads the light,
Speakes every tongue, paints, and points out the Lord,
His birth, life, death, and croſſe: our guilded Stocks,
Our Laymens bookes, the boy, and woman mocks:
They laugh, they fleer, and ſay, Blocks teach, and worſhip (Blocks.

25

Spring-tides of light divine the ayre ſuround,
And bring downe heaven to earth; deafe Ignoraunce,
Vext with the day, her head in hell hath drow'nd:
Fond Superſtition, frighted with the glaunce
Of ſuddaine beames, in vaine hath croſt her round.
Truth and Religion every where advaunce
Their conqu'ring ſtandards: Errour's loſt and fled:
Earth burnes in love to heaven: heaven yeelds her bed
To earth; and common growne, ſmiles ro be raviſhed.

26

That little ſwimming Iſle above the reſt,
Spight of our ſpight, and all our plots, remaines
And growes in happines: but late our neſt,
Where wee and Rome, and blood, and all our traines,
Monks, Nuns, dead, and live idols, ſafe did reſt:
Now there (next th' Oath of God) that Wraſtler raignes,
Who fills the land and world with peace, his ſpeare
Is but a pen, with which he downe doth beare
Blind Ignoraunce, falſe gods, and ſuperſtitious feare.

27

There God hath fram'd another Paradiſe,
Fat Olives dropping peace, victorious palmes,
Nor in the midſt, but every where doth riſe
That hated tree of life, whoſe precious balmes
Cure every ſinfull wound: give light to th' eyes,
Vnlock the eare, recover fainting qualmes.
There richly growes what makes a people bleſt;
A garden planted by himſelfe and dreſt:
Where he himſelfe doth walke, where he himſelfe doth (reſt.

28

There every ſtarre ſheds his ſweet influence,
And radiant beames: great, little, old, and new
Their glittering rayes, and frequent confluence
The milky path to Gods high palace ſtrew:
Th' unwearied Paſtors with ſteel'd confidence,
Conquer'd, and conquering freſh their fight renew.
Our ſtrongeſt holds that thundring ordinaunce
Beats downe, and makes our proudeſt turrets daunce,
Yoking mens iron necks in his ſweet governaunce.

29

Nor can th' old world content ambitious Light,
Virginia our ſoile, our ſeat, and throne,
(To which ſo long poſſeſſion gives us right,
As long as hells) Virginia's ſelfe is gone:
That ſtormy Ile which th' Ile of Devills hight,
Peopled with faith, truth, grace, religion.
What's next but hell? That now alone remaines,
And that ſubdu'de, even here he rules and raignes,
And mortals gin to dreame of long, but endles paines.

30

While we (good harmeles creatures) ſleep, or play,
Forget our former loſſe, and following paine:
Earth ſweats for heaven, but hell keeps holy-day.
Shall we repent good ſoules? or ſhall we plaine?
Shall we groane, ſigh, weep, mourne, for mercy pray?
Lay downe our ſpight, waſh out our ſinfull ſtaine?
May be hee'l yeeld, forget, and uſe us well,
Forgive, joyne hands, reſtore us whence we fell:
May be hee'l yeeld us heaven, and fall himſelfe to hell.

31

But me, oh never let me, Spirits, forget
That glorious day, when I your ſtandard bore,
And ſcorning in the ſecond place to ſit,
With you aſſaulted heaven, his yoke forſwore.
My dauntleſſe heart yet longs to bleed, and ſwet
In ſuch a fray: the more I burne, the more
I hate: ſhould he yet offer grace, and eaſe,
If ſubject we our armes, and ſpight ſurceaſe,
Such offer ſhould I hate, and ſcorne ſo baſe a peace.

32

Where are thoſe ſpirits? Where that haughty rage,
That durſt with me invade eternall light?
What? Are our hearts falne too? Droope we with age?
Can we yet fall from hell, and helliſh ſpight?
Can ſmart our wrath, can griefe our hate aſſwage?
Dare we with heaven, and not with earth to fight?
Your armes, allies, your ſelves as ſtrong as ever,
Your foes, their weapons, numbers weaker never.
For ſhame tread downe this earth: what wants but your (endeavour?

33

Now by your ſelves, and thunder-danted armes,
But never danted hate, I you implore,
Command, adjure, reinforce your fierce alarmes:
Kindle, I pray, who never prayed before,
Kindle your darts, treble repay our harmes.
Oh our ſhort time, too ſhort, ſtands at the dore,
Double your rage: if now we doe not ply,
We 'lone in hell, without due company,
And worſe, without deſert, without revenge ſhall ly.

34

He, Spirits, (ah that, that's our maine torment) He
Can feele no wounds, laughs at the ſword, and dart,
Himſelfe from griefe, from ſuff'ring wholly free:
His ſimple nature cannot taſt of ſmart,
Yet in his members wee him grieved ſee;
For, and in them, he ſuffers; where his heart
Lies bare, and nak't, there dart your fiery ſteele,
Cut, wound, burne, ſeare, if not the head, the heele.
Let him in every part ſome paine, and torment feele.

35

That light comes poſting on, that curſed light,
When they as he, all glorious, all divine,
(Their fleſh cloth'd with the ſun, and much more bright,
Yet brighter ſpirits) ſhall in his image ſhine,
And ſee him as hee is: there no deſpight,
No force, no art their ſtate can undermine.
Full of unmeaſur'd bliſſe, yet ſtill receiving,
Their ſoules ſtill childing joy, yet ſtill conceiving,
Delights beyond the wiſh, beyond quick thoughts perceiving.

36

But we faſt pineon'd with darke firy chaines,
Shall ſuffer every ill, but doe no more,
The guilty ſpirit there feeles extreameſt paines,
Yet feares worſe then it feeles: and finding ſtore
Of preſent deaths, deaths abſence ſore complaines:
Oceans of ills without or ebbe, or ſhore,
A life that ever dies, a death that lives,
And, worſt of all, Gods abſent preſence gives
A thouſand living woes, a thouſand dying griefes.

37

But when he ſummes his time, and turnes his eye
Firſt to the paſt, then future pangs, paſt dayes
(And every day's an age of miſery)
In torment ſpent, by thouſands downe he layes,
Future by millions, yet eternity
Growes nothing leſſe, nor paſt to come allayes.
Through every pang, and griefe he wild doth runnne,
And challenge coward death, doth nothing ſhunne,
That he may nothing be; does all to be undone.

38

O let our worke equall our wages, let
Our Iudge fall ſhort, and when his plagues are ſpent,
Owe more then he hath paid, live in our debt:
Let heaven want vengeance, hell want puniſhment
To give our dues: when wee with flames beſet
Still dying live in endles languiſhment.
This be our comfort, we did get and win
The fires, and tortures we are whelmed in:
We have kept pace, outrun his juſtice with our ſin.

39

And now you States of hell give your adviſe,
And to theſe ruines lend your helping hand.
This ſaid, and ceas't; ſtraight humming murmures riſe:
Some chafe, ſome fret, ſome ſad and thoughtfull ſtand,
Some chat, and ſome new ſtratagems deviſe,
And every one heavens ſtronger powers ban'd,
And teare for madneſſe their uncombed ſnakes,
And every one his fiery weapon ſhakes,
And every one expects who firſt the anſwer makes.

40

So when the falling Sunne hangs o're the maine,
Ready to droppe into the Weſterne wave,
By yellow Chame, where all the Muſes raigne,
And with their towres his reedy head embrave;
The warlike Gnat their flutt'ring armies traine,
All have ſharpe ſpeares, and all ſhrill trumpets have:
Their files they double, loud their cornets ſound,
Now march at length, their troopes now gather round:
The bankes, the broken noiſe, and turrets faire rebound.

# CANTO II.

1

WHat care, what watch need guard that tot'ring State
Which mighty foes beſiege, falſe friends betray,
Where enemies ſtrong, and ſubtile ſwol'ne with hate,
Catch all occaſions; wake, watch night and day?
The towne divided, even the wall and gate
Proove traitours, and the Councill'ſelfe takes pay
Of forraigne States, the Prince is overſwai'd
By underminers, puts off friendly aid,
His wit by will, his ſtrength by weakenes over-laid?

2

Thus men: the never ſeene, quicke-ſeeing-fiends:
Feirce, craftie, ſtrong; and world conſpire our fall:
And we (worſe foes) unto our ſelves falſe friends:
Our fleſh, and ſenſe a trait'rous gate, and wall:
The ſpirit, and fleſh man in two factions rends:
The inward ſenſes are corrupted all,
The ſoule weake, wilfull, ſwai'd with flatteries,
Seekes not his helpe, who works by contraries,
By folly makes him wiſe, ſtrong by infirmities.

3

See drouſie ſoule, thy foe ne're ſhuts his eyes,
See, careleſſe ſoule, thy foe in councell ſits:
Thou prayer reſtrain'ſt, thy ſin for vengeance cries,
Thou laugh'ſt, vaine ſoule, while juſtice vengeance fits.
Wake by his light, with wiſedomes ſelfe adviſe:
What rigorous Iuſtice damnes, ſweet Mercy quits.
Watch, pray, he in one inſtant helps and heares:
Let him not ſee thy ſins, but through thy teares,
Let him not heare their cries, but through thy groning (feares.

4

As when the angry winds with ſeas conſpire,
The white-plum'd hilles marching in ſet array
Invade the earth, and ſeeme with rage on fire,
While waves with thundring drummes whet on the fray,
And blaſts with whiſtling fifes new rage inſpire:
Yet ſoone as breathles ayres their ſpight allay,
A ſilent calme inſues: the hilly maine
Sinks in it ſelfe, and drummes unbrac't refraine
Their thundring noyſe, while Seas ſleep on the even plaine.

5

All ſo the raging ſtorme of curſed fiends
Blowne up with ſharp reproach, and bitter ſpight
Firſt roſe in loud uprore, then falling, ends,
And ebbes in ſilence: when a wily ſpright
To give an anſwere for the reſt intends:
Once Proteus, now Equivocus he hight,
Father of cheaters, ſpring of cunning lies,
Of ſlie deceite, and refin'd perjuries,
That hardly hell it ſelfe can truſt his forgeries.

6

To every ſhape his changing ſhape is dreſt,
Oft ſeemes a Lambe and bleates, a Wolfe and houles:
Now like a Dove appeares with candide breſt,
Then like a Falcon, preyes on weaker foules:
A Badger neat, that flies his 'filed neſt:
But moſt a Fox, with ſtinke his cabin foules:
A Courtier, Prieſt, transform'd to thouſand faſhions,
His matter fram'd of ſlight equivocations,
His very forme was form'd of mentall reſervations.

7

And now more practicke growne with uſe and art,
Oft times in heavenly ſhapes he fooles the ſight:
So that his ſchollers ſelves have learn't his part,
Though wormes, to glow in dark, like Angels bright.
To ſinfull ſlime ſuch gloſſe can they impart,
That, like the virgine Mother, crown'd in light,
They glitter faire in glorious purity,
And rayes divine: meane time the cheated eye
Is finely mock't into an heavenly ecſtaſy.

8

Now is he Generall of thoſe new ſtamp't Friers,
Which have their root in that lame ſouldier Saint,
Who takes his ominous name from *Strife, and Fires,
Themſelves with idle vaunt that name attaint,
Which all the world adores: Theſe Maſter lyers
With trueth, Abaddoniſts, with Ieſus paint
Their lying title. Fooles, who think with light
To hide their filth, thus lie they naked quite:
That who loves Ieſus moſt, moſt hates the Ieſuite.

* *Ignatius.*

9

Soone as this Spirit (in hell Apollyon,
On earth Equivocus) ſtood ſingled out,
Their Speaker there, but here their Champion,
Whom leſſer States, and all the vulgar rout
In dangerous times admire and gaze upon,
The ſilly Commons circle him about,
And firſt with loud applauſe they uſher in
Their Oratour, then huſhing all their din,
With ſilence they attend, and wooe him to begin.

10

Great Monarch, ayers, earths, hells Soveraigne,
True, ah too true you plaine, and we lament,
In vaine our labour, all our art's in vaine;
Our care, watch, darts, aſſaults are all miſpent.
He, whoſe command we hate, deteſt, diſdaine,
Works all our thoughts and workes to his intent:
Our ſpight his pleaſure makes, our ill his good,
Light out of night he brings, peace out of blood:
What fell which he upheld? what ſtood which he with-
(ſtood?

11

As when from mores ſome firie conſtellation
Drawes up wet cloudes with ſtrong attractive ray,
The captiv'd ſeas forc't from their ſeat and nation,
Begin to mutinie, put out the day,
And pris'ning cloſe the hot drie exhalation,
Threat earth, and heaven, and ſteale the Sunne away:
Till th'angry Captive (fir'd with fetters cold)
With thundring Cannons teares the limber mould,
And downe in fruitfull teares the broken vapour's roul'd.

12

So our rebellion, ſo our ſpightfull threat
All molten falls; he (which my heart diſdaines)
Waters heavens plants with our hell-flaming heat,
Husband's his graces with our ſinfull paines:
When moſt againſt him, for him moſt we ſweat,
We in our Kingdome ſerve, he in it raignes:
Oh blame us not, we ſtrive, mine, wraſtle, fight;
He breakes our troopes: yet thus, we ſtill delight,
Though all our ſpight's in vain, in vain to ſhew our ſpight.

13

Our fogs lie ſcatt'red by his piercing light,
Our ſubtilties his wiſedome overſwaies,
His gracious love weighs dovvne our ranck'rous ſpight,
His Word our ſleights, his truth our lyes diſplayes,
Our ill confin'd, his goodneſſe infinite,
Our greateſt ſtrength his vveakneſſe overlaies.
He vvill, and oh he muſt, be Emperour,
That heaven, and earth's unconquer'd at this houre,
Nor let him thanke, nor do you blame our vvil, but povv'r.

14

Nay, earthly Gods that vvont in luxury,
In maskes, and daliance ſpend their peacefull daies,
Or elſe invade their neighbours liberty,
And ſvvimme through Chriſtian blood to heathen praiſe,
Subdue our armes vvith peace; us bold defie,
Arm'd all vvith letters, crovvn'd vvith learned bayes:
With them vvhole ſvvarmes of Muſes take the field;
And by heavens aide enforce us vvay to yield;
The Gooſe lends them a ſpeare, and every ragge a ſhield.

15

But are our hearts fal'ne too; ſhall wee repent,
Sue, pray, with teares waſh out our ſinfull ſpot?
Or can our rage with greife, and ſmart relent?
Shall wee lay downe our armes? Ah, feare us not;
Not ſuch thou found'ſt us, when with thee we bent
Our armes 'gainſt heaven, when ſcorning that faire lot
Of glorious bliſſe (when we might ſtill have raign'd)
With him in borrowed light, and joyes unſtain'd,
We hated ſubject crownes, and guiltleſſe bliſſe diſdain'd.

16

Nor are we changelings: finde, oh finde but one,
But one in all thy troopes, whoſe lofty pride
Begins to ſtoope with oppoſition:
But, as when ſtubborn winds with earth ralli'de
(Their Mother earth) ſhe ayded by her ſonne
Confronts the Seas, beates of the angry tide:
The more with curl'd-head waves, the furious maine
Renues his ſpite, and ſwells with high diſdaine,
Oft broke, and chac't, as oft turnes, & makes head againe:

17

So riſe we by our fall: that divine ſcience
Planted belowe, grafted in humane ſtocke,
Heavens with frayle earth combines in ſtrong alliance:
While he, their Lion, leads that ſheepiſh flock,
Each ſheepe, each lambe dares give us bold defiance:
But yet our forces broken 'gainſt the rocke
We ſtrongly reinforce, and every man
Though cannot what he will's, will's what he can,
And where wee cannot hurt, there we can curſe, and banne.

18

See here in broken force, a heart unbroke,
Which neither hell can daunt, nor heaven appeaſe:
See here a heart, which ſcornes that gentle yoke,
And with it life, and light, and peace, and eaſe:
A heart not cool'd, but fir'd with thundring ſtroke,
Which heaven it ſelfe, but conquer'd cannot pleaſe:
To drawe one bleſſed ſoule from's heavenly Cell,
Let me in thouſand paines and tortures dwell:
Heaven without guilt to me is worſe then guilty hell.

19

Feare then no change: ſuch I, ſuch are we all:
Flaming in vengeance, more then Stygian fire,
When hee ſhall leave his throne, and ſtarry hall,
Forſake his deare-bought Saints, and Angells quire,
When he from heaven into our hell ſhall fall,
Our nature take, and for our life expire;
Then we perhaps (as man) may waver light,
Our hatred turne to peace, to love our ſpight,
Then heaven ſhall turne to hell, and day ſhall chaunge to (night.

20

But if with forces new to take the feild
Thou long'ſt, looke here, we preſt, and ready ſtand:
See all that power, and Wiles that hell can yeeld
Expect no watchword, but thy firſt command:
Which given, without or feare, or ſword, or ſheild
Wee'le fly in heavens face, I and my band
Will draw whole worlds, leave here no rome to dwell.
Stale arts we ſcorne, our plots become black hell,
Which no heart will beleeve, nor any tongue dare tell.

21

Nor ſhall I need to ſpurre the lazy Monke,
Who never ſvveats but in his meale, or bed,
Whoſe forvvard paunch uſhers his uſeleſſe truncke,
He barrels darkenes in his empty head:
To eate, drinke, void what he hath eat and drunke,
Then purge his reines; thus theſe Saints merited:
They faſt vvith holy fiſh, and flovving vvine
Not common, but (which fits ſuch Saints) * Divine:
Poore ſoules, they dare not ſoile their hands vvith preci-
(ous mine?

* Hence called *Vinum Theologicum.*

22

While th'earth vvith night and miſts vvas overſvvai'd,
And all the vvorld in clouds vvas laid a ſteep,
Their ſluggiſh trade did lend us friendly aid,
They rock't and huſh't the vvorld in deadly ſleep,
Cloyſt'red the Sunne, the Moone they overlaid,
And priſon'd every ſtarre in dungeon deep.
And vvhen the light put forth his morning ray,
My famous Dominicke tooke the light avvay,
And let in ſeas of blood to quench the early day.

23

But oh, that recreant Frier, who long in night
Had ſlept, his oath to me his Captaine brake,
Vncloyſt'red vvith himſelfe the hated light;
Thoſe piercing beames forc't drovvſie earth avvake,
Nor could vve all reſiſt: our flatt'rie, ſpight,
Arts, armes, his victorie more famous make.
Dovvn cloyſters fall; the Monkes chac't from their ſty
Lie ope, and all their loathſome company;
Hypocriſie, rape, blood, theft, vvhooredome, Sodomy.

24

Thoſe troupes I ſoone disband now uſeles quite;
And with new muſters fill my companies;
And preſſe the crafty wrangling Ieſuite:
Nor traine I him as Monks, his ſquinted eyes
Take in and view aſcaunce the hatefull light:
So ſtores his head with ſhifts and ſubtilties.
Thus being arm'd with arts, his turning braines
All overturne. Oh with what eaſy paines
Light he confounds with light, and truth with truth di-
(ſtaines.

25

The world is rent in doubt: ſome gazing ſtay,
Few ſtep aright, but moſt goe with the croud.
So when the golden Sun with ſparkling ray
Imprints his ſtamp upon an adverſe cloud,
The watry glaſſe ſo ſhines, that's hard to ſay
Which is the true, which is the falſer proud.
The ſilly people gape, and whiſp'ring cry
That ſome ſtrange innovation is ny,
And feareſull wiſard ſings of parted tyranny.

26

Theſe have I train'd to ſcorne their contraries,
Out-face the truth, out-ſtare the open light:
And vvhat vvith ſeeming truths and cunning lies
Confute they cannot, vvith a ſcoffe to ſleight.
Then after loſſe to crovve their victories,
And get by forging vvhat they loſt by fight.
And novv ſo vvell they ply them, that by heart
They all have got my counterfeiting part,
That to my ſchollers I turne ſcholler in mine art.

27

Follow'd by theſe brave ſpirits, I nothing feare
To conquer earth, or heaven it ſelfe aſſayle,
To ſhake the ſtarres, as thick from fixed ſpheare,
As when a ruſtick arme with ſtubborne flayle
Beates out his harveſt from the ſwelling eare;
T' eclipſe the Moone, and Sun himſelfe injayle.
Had all our army ſuch another band,
Nor earth, nor heaven could long unconquer'd ſtand:
But hell ſhouldheaven, and they, I feare, would hell com-
mand.

28

What Country, City, Towne, what family,
In which they have not ſome intelligence,
And party, ſome that love their company?
Courts, Councells, hearts of Kings find no defence,
No guard to barre them out: by flattery
They worme and ſcrue into their conſcience;
Or with ſteel, poyſon, dagges diſlodge the ſprite.
If any quench or dampe this Orient light,
Or foile great Ieſus name, it is the Ieſuite.

29

When late our whore of Rome was diſaray'd,
Strip't of her pall, and skarlet ornaments,
And all her hidden filth lay broad diſplayd,
Her putride pendant bagges, her mouth that ſents
As this of hell, her hands with ſcabbes array'd,
Her puſt'led skin with ulcer'd excrements;
Her friends fall off; and thoſe that lov'd her beſt,
Grow ſicke to think of ſuch a ſtinking beaſt:
And her, and every limbe that touch't her, much deteſt.

39

Who help't us then? Who then her caſe did rue?
Theſe, onely theſe their care, and art appli'de
To hide her ſhame with tires, and dreſſing new:
They blew her bagges, they blanch't her leprous hide,
And on her face a lovely picture drew.
But moſt the head they pranck't in all his pride
With borrowed plumes, ſtolne from antiquitie:
Him with blaſphemous names they dignifie;
Him they enthrone, adore, they crowne, they deifie.

31

As when an image gnawne with wormes, hath loſt
His beautie, forme, reſpect, and lofty place,
Some cunning hand new trimmes the rotten poſt,
Filles up the worme-holes, paints the ſoyled face
With choiceſt colours, ſpares no art, or coſt
With precious robes the putride trunck to grace.
Circles the head with golden beames, that ſhine
Like riſing Sun: the Vulgar low incline;
And give away their ſoules unto the block divine.

32

So doe theſe Dedale workmen plaſter over,
And ſmooth that Stale with labour'd poliſhing;
So her defects with art they finely cover,
Cloth her, dreſſe, paint with curious colouring:
So every friend againe, and every lover
Returnes, and doates through their neate pandaring:
They fill her cup, on knees drinke healths to th' whore;
The drunken nations pledge it o're and o're;
So ſpue, and ſpuing fall, and falling riſe no more.

33

Had not theſe troopes with their new forged armes
Strook in, even ayre, earth too, and all were loſt:
Their freſh aſſaultes, and importune alarmes
Have truth repell'd, and her full conqueſt croſt:
Or theſe, or none muſt recompence our harmes.
If they had fail'd wee muſt have ſought a coaſt
I'th' Moone (the Florentines new world) to dwell,
And, as from heaven, from earth ſhould now have fell
To hell confin'd, nor could we ſafe abide in hell.

34

Nor ſhall that little Iſle (our envy, ſpight,
His paradiſe) eſcape: even there they long
Have ſhrowded cloſe their heads from dang'rous light,
But now more free dare preſſe in open throng:
Nor then were idle, but with practicke ſlight
Crept into houſes great: their ſugred tongue
Made eaſy way into the lapſed breſt
Of weaker ſexe, where luſt had built her neſt,
There layd they Cuckoe eggs, and hatch't their brood unbleſt.

35

There ſowe they traytrous ſeed with wicked hand
'Gainſt God, and man; well thinks their ſilly ſonne
To merit heaven by breaking Gods command,
To be a Patriot by rebellion.
And when his hopes are loſt, his life and land,
And he, and wife, and child are all undone,
Then calls for heaven and Angells, in ſtep I,
And waſt him quick to hel; thus thouſands die,
Yet ſtill their children doat: ſo fine their forgerie.

36

But now that ſtormy ſeaſon's layd, their ſpring,
And warmer Sunnes call them from wintry cell;
Theſe better times will fruits much better bring,
Their labours ſoone will fill the barnes of hell
With plenteous ſtore; ſerpents, if warm'd, will ſting:
And even now they meet, and hiſſe, and ſwell.
Thinke not of falling, in the name of all
This dare I promiſe, and make good I ſhall,
While they thus firmely ſtand, wee cannot wholly fall.

37

And ſhall theſe mortals creep, fawne, flatter, ly,
Coyne into thouſand arts their fruitfull braine,
Venter life, limbe, through earth, and water fly
To winne us Proſelytes? Scorne eaſe, and paine,
To purchaſe grace in their whore-miſtres eye?
Shall they ſpend, ſpill their deareſt blood, to ſtaine
Romes Calendar, and paint their glorious name
In hers, and our Saint-Rubrick? Get them fame,
Where Saints are fiends, gaine loſſe, grace diſgrace, glory ſhame?

38

And ſhall wee, (Spirits) ſhall we (whoſe life and death
Are both immortall) ſhall we, can we faile?
Great Prince o' th' lower world, in vaine we breath
Our ſpight in Councell; free us this our jayle:
Wee doe but looſe our little time beneath;
All to their charge: why ſit we here to waile?
Kindle your darts, and rage; renew your fight:
We are diſmiſt: breake out upon the light,
Fill th' earth with ſin, and blood; heaven with ſtormes, and (fright.

39

With that the bold black Spirit invades the day,
And heav'n, and light, and Lord of both defies.
All hell run out, and ſooty flagges diſplay,
A foule deformed rout: heav'n ſhuts his eyes;
The ſtarres looke pale, and early mornings ray
Layes dovvne her head againe, and dares not riſe:
A ſecond night of Spirits the ayre poſſeſt;
The vvakefull cocke that late forſooke his neſt,
Maz'd hovv he vvas deceav'd, flies to his rooſt, and reſt.

40

So when the South (dipping his ſable vvings
In humid ſeas) ſweeps with his dropping beard
The ayer, earth, and Ocean, downe he flings
The laden trees, the Plowmans hopes new-eard
Swimme on the playne: his lippes loud thunderings,
And flaſhing eyes make all the world afeard:
Light with darke cloudes, waters with fires are met,
The Sunne but now is riſing, now is ſet,
And finds Weſt-ſhades in Eaſt, and ſeas in ayers wet.

CANTO III.

# CANTO III.

1

FAlse world how doest thou witch dimme reasons eies?
I see thy painted face, thy changing fashion:
Thy treasures, honours all are vanities,
Thy comforts, pleasures, joyes all are vexation,
Thy words are lyes, thy oaths foule perjuries,
Thy wages, care, greife, begg'ry, death, damnation:
All this I know: I know thou doest deceive me,
Yet cannot as thou art, but seem'st, conceave thee:
I know I should, I must, yet oh I would not leave thee.

2

Looke as in dreames, where th' idle fancie playes,
One thinkes that fortune high his head advances:
Another spends in woe his weary dayes;
A third seemes sport in love, and courtly daunces;
This grones, and weeps, that chants his merry laies;
A sixt to finde some glitt'ring treasure chaunces:
Soon as they wake, they see their thoughts were vaine,
And quite forget, and mocke their idle braine,
This sighs, that laugh's to see how true false dreames can (faine.

3

Such is the world, ſuch lifes ſhort acted play:
This baſe, and ſcorn'd; this high in great eſteeming,
This poore, & patched ſeemes, this rich, and gay;
This ſick, that ſtrong: yet all is onely ſeeming:
Soone as their parts are done, all ſlip away;
So like, that waking, oft wee feare w'are dreaming,
And dreaming hope we wake. Wake, watch mine eies:
What can be in the world, but flatteries,
Dreams, cheats, deceits, whoſe Prince is King of night (and lies?

4

Whoſe helliſh troopes fill thee with ſinne, and blood;
With envie, malice, miſchiefs infinite:
Thus now that numerous, black, infernall brood
Or'e-ſpread thee round; th' earth ſtruck with trembling
Felt their approach, and all-amazed ſtood, (fright
So ſuddain got with child, & big with ſpight.
The damned Spirits fly round, and ſpread their ſeede:
Straight hate, pride, ſtrife, warres, and ſeditions breed,
Get up, grow ripe: How ſoone proſpers the vicious weed!

5

Soone in the North their helliſh poyſon ſhed,
Where ſeldome warres, diſſention never ceaſe:
Where Volga's ſtreames are ſail'd with horſe and ſled,
Pris'ning in Chryſtal walls his frozen ſeas:
Where Tartar, Ruſſe, the Pole, and proſpering Swed
Nor know the ſweet, nor heare the name of peace:
Where ſleeping Sunnes in winter quench their light,
And never ſhut their eyes in Summer bright;
Where many moneths make up one onely day, and night:

6

There lie they cloyſt'red in their vvonted Cell:
The ſacred nurſeries of the Societie:
They finde them ope, ſvvept, deck't: ſo there they dvvell,
Teaching, and learning more and more impietie.
There blow their fires, and tine another hell,
There make their Magazine, vvith all varietie
Of fiery darts; the Ieſuites helpe their friends:
And hard to ſay, vvhich in their ſpightfull ends
More vexe the Chriſtian world, the Ieſuites, or the Fiends.

7

The Fiends finde matter, Ieſuites forme; thoſe bring
Into the mint fovvle hearts, ſear'd conſcience,
Luſt-vvandring eyes, eares fil'd vvith vvhiſpering,
Feet ſvviſt to blood, hands gilt vvith great expence,
Millions of tongues made ſoft for hammering,
And fit for every ſtampe, but truths defence:
Theſe (for Romes uſe, on Spaniſh anvile) frame
The pliant matter; treaſons hence diſſame,
Luſts, lies, blood, thouſand griefes ſet all the vvorld on (flame.

8

But none ſo fits the Poliſh Ieſuité,
As Ruſſia's change, vvhere exil'd * Grecian Prieſt
Late ſold his Patriarchal chaire, and right;
That novv proud Mosko vants her lofty creſt
Equall with Rome: Romes head full ſvvolne vvith ſpight,
Scorning a fellovv head, or Peer, but Chriſt,
Straines all his vvits, & friends; they vvorke, they plod
With double yoke the Ruſſian necks to load;
To crowne the Poliſh Prince their King, the Pope their (God.

* *Hierom Patriarch of the Greeke Church came unto Moſco in the yeare 1588. ſold to Theodore Ivanovich Emperour of Ruſſia his Patriarchal right; who preſently inſtalled into it the Metropolitane of Moſco.*

9

The fiends, and times yeeld them a fit occaſion
To further their deſignes: for late a *Beaſt
Of ſalvage breed, of ſtraunge and monſterous faſhion,
Before a Fox, an Aſſe behind, the reſt
A ravenous Wolfe, with fierce, but ſlie invaſion
Enters the Ruſſian court, the Lyons neſt,
Worries the Lions ſelfe, and all his brood:
And having gorg'd his mawe with royall blood,
Would ſleepe, Ah ſhort the reſt, that ſtreames from ſuch a food!

10

Ah ſilly man, who dream'ſt, that honour ſtands
In ruling others, not thy ſelfe! Thy ſlaves
Serve thee, and thou thy ſlaves: in iron bands
Thy ſervile ſpirit preſt with wild paſſions raves.
Baſe ſtate, where but one Tyrant realmes commands:
Worſe, where one ſingle heart ſerves thouſand knaves.
Would'ſt thou live honoured? Clip ambitious wing,
To reaſons yoke thy furious paſſions bring.
Thrice noble is the man, who of himſelfe is King.

11

With mimicke skill, they trayne a *caged beaſt,
And teach him play a royall Lyons part:
Then in the Lyons hide, and titles dreſt
They bring him forth: he Maſter in his art,
Soone winnes the Vulgar Ruſſe, who hopes for reſt
In chaunge; and if not eaſe, yet leſſer ſmart:
All hunt that monſter, he ſoone melts his pride
In abiect feare; and life himſelfe envi'de:
So whelp't a Fox, a Wolfe he liv'd, an Aſſe he di'de.

* Borriſe Federowich *brother to the Empreſſe of Ruſſia, having by the ſimplicitie of that Emperour aſpired to that kingdome, by murther of the chiefe Nobility, & extirpation of the royall ſeed; entred as ſubtily as he ruled cruelly, & died fooliſhly, killing himſelfe whē his treaſures were yet untoucht & great, & the chiefe City might have beene won to have ſtood to him.*

* Griskey Strepey *a Moſique, & ſometime Chriſter at Prechepſte in Mosko, and from thence with an Embaſſadour paſſing into Polonia, and there cloyſtered, was taught by the Ieſuites to play the King, and uſurping the name of Demetrius (ſlaine by Borriſe Federowich) under that maſk with the Polonian forces, and by the revolt of the Ruſſes was crowned Emperour.*

12

Proud of his eaſy crowne and ſtraunge ſucceſſe,
The ſecond beaſt (ſprung of a baſer brood)
Comes on the ſtage, and with great ſeemelineſſe
Acts his firſt ſcenes; now ſtrong 'gins chaunge his mood,
And melts in pleaſure, luſt, and wantonneſſe:
Then ſwimmes in other, ſinkes in his owne blood.
With blood, and warres the ice and liquid ſnowes
Are thaw'd; the earth a red ſea overflowes.
Quarrells by falling riſe, and ſtrife by cutting growes.

13

Some fiends to Grece their helliſh firebrands bring,
And wake the ſleeping ſparks of Turkiſh rage;
Where once the lovely Muſes uſ'd to ſing,
And chant th' Heroes of that golden age;
Where ſince more ſacred Graces learn'd to ſtring
That heav'nly lyre, and with their canzons ſage
Inſpirit fleſh, and quicken ſtinking graves,
There (ah for pitty!) Muſes novv are ſlaves,
Graces are fled to heav'n, and helliſh Mahomet raves.

14

But Lucifers proud band in prouder Spaine
Diſperſe their troopes: ſome vvith unquench't ambition
Inflame thoſe Mooriſh Grandes, and fill their braine
With ſubtile plots; ſome learne of th' Inquiſition
To finde new torments, and unuſed paines:
Some traine the Princes with their lewd tuition,
That novv of Kings they ſcorne to be the firſt,
But onely: deep vvith Kingly dropſies pierc't
Their thirſt drinkes kingdomes downe, their drinking (fires their thirſt.

* *At his firſt entry the counterfeit Demetrius, wan the applauſe and good opinion of many, and very politickly behaved himſefe: but when he conceaved himſelfe to be ſetled on the throne; he grew laſcivious, and inſolent, and bloody: and by a conſpiracy was ſlaine, and his dead corps expoſed to all ſhame and contempt.*

15

Æquivocus, remembring well his taske,
And promiſe, enters Rome; there ſoone he eyes
Waters of life tunn'd up in ſtinking caske
Of deadly errours poyſon'd truth with lies:
There that ſtale purple Whore in glorious maske
Of holy Mother Church he mumming ſpies,
Diſmounted from her ſeven headed beaſt,
Inviting all with her bare painted breaſt,
They ſuck, ſteep, ſwell, and burſt with that envenom'd feaſt.

16

Nor ſtayes, till now the ſtately Court appeares,
Where ſits that Prieſt-King, all the Alls Soveraigne:
Three mitred crownes the proud Impoſtor weares,
For he in earth, in hell, in heav'n will raigne:
And in his hand two golden keyes he beares,
To open heav'n and hell, and ſhut againe.
But late his keyes are marr'd, or loſt; for hell
He cannot ſhut, but opes, and enters well:
Nor heav'n can ope, but ſhut; nor heav'n will buy, but ſell.

17

Say Muſes, ſay; who now in thoſe rich fields
Where ſilver Tibris ſwimmes in golden ſands,
Who now, ye Muſes, that great ſcepter wields,
Which once ſway'd all the earth with ſervile bands?
Who now thoſe Babel towres, once fallen, builds?
Say, ſay, how firſt it fell, how now it ſtands?
How, and by what degrees that Citie ſunk?
Oh are thoſe haughty ſpirits ſo baſely ſhrunk?
Ceſars to chaunge for Friers, a Monarch for a Monk?

18

Th' Aſſyrian Lyon deck't in golden hide, *Dan.7. 4.*
Once graſp't the Nations in his Lordly paw:
But him the Perſian ſilver Beare defi'd, *Dan.7. 5.*
Tore, kill'd, and ſwallowed up with ravenous jaw;
Whom that Greeke Leopard no ſooner ſpi'de, *Dan.7. 6.*
But ſlue, devour'd, and fill'd his empty maw:
But with his raven'd prey his bowells broke;
So into foure divides his braſen yoke.
Stol'ne bits, thruſt downe in haſt, doe ſeldome feed, but choke.

19

Meane time in Tybris fen a dreadfull Beaſt *Dan.7. 7.*
With monſtrous breadth, and length ſeven hills o're-ſpreads:
And nurſt with dayly ſpoyles and bloody Feaſt
Grew vp to wondrous ſtrength: with ſeven heads,
Arm'd all with iron teeth, he rends the reſt,
And with proud feet to clay and morter treads.
And now all earth ſubdu'de, high heav'n he braves,
The head he kills, then 'gainſt the body raves:
With Saintly fleſh he ſwells, with bones his den he paves.

20

At length five heads were fall'ne; the ſixt retir'd *Apoc.17.10.*
By abſence yeelds an eaſy way of riſing
To th' next, and laſt: who with ambition fir'd,
In humble weeds his haughty pride diſguiſing,
By ſlow, ſly growth unto the top aſpir'd:
Vnlike the reſt he veiles his tyranniſing
With that Lambs head, & horns: both which he claimes; *Apoc.13.11.*
Thence double raigne, within, without hee frames:
His head the Lamb, his tongue the Dragon loud proclames.

21

Thoſe Fiſher Swaynes, whome by full Iordans wave
The Seas great Soveraigne his art had taught,
To ſtill loud ſtormes when windes and waters rave,
To ſink their laden boats with heavenly fraught,
To free the fiſh with nets, with hookes to ſave:
For while the fiſh they catch, themſelves were caught:
And as the ſcaly nation they invade,
Were ſnar'd themſelves. Ah much more bleſſed trade
That of free Fiſher ſwaines were captive fiſhes made!

22

Long ſince thoſe Fiſher ſwains had chang'd their dwelling;
Their ſpirits (while bodies ſlept in honour'd toombes)
Heavens joyes enjoy, all excellence excelling;
And in their ſtead a crue of idle groomes
By night into the ſhip with ladders ſtealing,
Fearles ſucceed, and fill their empty roomes.
The fiſhers trade they praiſe, the paynes deride:
Their narrow bottomes ſtrech they large & wide,
And make broad roomes for pomp, for luxury, and pride.

23

Some from their skiffs to crownes and ſcepters creep,
Heavens ſelfe for earth, and God for man rejecting:
Some ſnorting in their hulks ſupinely ſleep,
Seaſons in vaine recall'd, and winds neglecting:
Some nets, and hookes, and baits in poyſon ſteep,
With deathfull drugges the guiltles ſeas infecting:
The fiſh their life and death together drink;
And dead pollute the ſeas with venom'd ſtink:
So downe to deepeſt hell, both fiſh and fiſhers ſink.

24

While thus they ſwimme in eaſe, with plenty flowe,
Each loſel gets a boat, and will to ſea:
Some teach to work, but have no hands to rowe;
Some will be lights, but have no eyes to ſee;
Some will be guides, but have no feete to goe;
Some deafe, yet ears; ſome dumbe, yet tongues will bee;
Some will bee ſeaſoning ſalt, yet drown'd in gall:
Dumbe, deafe, blinde, lame, and maime; yet fiſhers all,
Fit for no other uſe but 'ſtore an Hoſpitall.

25

Mean time the Fiſher, which by Tibers bankes
Rul'd leaſſer boates, caſts to enlarge his See:
His ſhip (even then too great) with ſtollen plankes
Length'ning, he makes a monſtrous Argoſie;
And ſtretches wide the ſides with out-growne flankes:
Peter, and Paul his badge, this' ſword, that's key
His feyned armes: with theſe he much prevailes,
To him each fiſher boy his bonnet veyles,
And as the Lord of ſeas adores with ſtrooken ſayles:

26

Nor could all Seas fill up his empty mawe;
For earth he thirſts; the earth invades, ſubdues:
And now all earthly Gods with ſervile awe
Are highly grac't to kiſſe his holy ſhooes:
Auguſtus ſelfe ſtoops to his ſoveraigne lawe,
And at his ſtirrop cloſe to lacky ſues:
Then heavens ſcepter claymes, then hell and all.
Strange turne of chaunges! To be lowe, and thrall
Brings honour, honour ſtrength, ſtrength pride, and pride a (fall.

27

Vpon the ruines of thoſe marble towres,
Founded, and rayſ'd with skill, and great expence
Of auncient Kings, great Lords, and Emperours,
He built his Babel up to heav'n, and thence
Thunders through all the world: On ſandy floores
The ground-worke ſlightly floats, the walls to ſenſe
Seeme Porphyr faire, which blood of Martyrs taints;
But was baſe lome, mixed with ſtrawy Saints;
Daub'd with untemper'd lime, which gliſtering tinſoyle
(paints.

28

The Portall ſeemes (farre off) a lightſome frame;
But all the lights are falſe; the Chryſtall glaſſe
Back't with a thick mud-wall beates off the flame,
Nor ſuffers any ſparke of day to paſſe.
There ſits dull Ignoraunce, a loathly dame,
Two eyes, both blind; two eares, both deafe ſhee ha's;
Yet quick of ſenſe they to her ſelfe appeare.
Oh who can hope to cure that eye, and eare,
Which being blind, & deafe, bragges beſt to ſee, & heare!

29

Cloſe by her children two; of each ſide one,
A Sonne and Daughter ſate: he Errour hight,
A crooked ſwaine; ſhee Superſtition.
Him Hate of Truth begot in Stygian night;
Her Feare, and falſely call'd, Devotion;
And as in birth, ſo joyn'd in looſe delight,
They ſtore the world with an inceſtuous breed,
A baſtard, foule, deform'd, but num'rous ſeed;
All monſters; who in parts, or growth, want, or exceed.

30

Her Sonne invites the wandring paſſengers
And calls aloud, Ho, every ſimple ſwaine
Come, buy crownes, ſcepters, miters, croſiers,
Buy thefts, blood, inceſts, oaths, buy all for gaine:
With gold buy out all Purgatory feares,
With gold buy heaven and heavens Soveraigne.
Then through an hundred Labyrinths he leads
The ſilly ſoule, and with vaine ſhadowes feeds:
The poore ſtray wretch admires old formes, and anticke
(aeeds.

31

The daughter leads him forth in Pilgrims guiſe
To viſite holy ſhrines, the Lady Hales;
The Doves, and Gabriels plumes in purple dyes,
Cartloads of Croſſe, and ſtraunge-engendring nayles:
The ſimple man adores the ſottiſh lyes:
Then with falſe wonders his frayle ſenſe aſſayles,
Saint *Fulbert nurſt with milke of Virgine pure,
Saint Dominicks *bookes like fiſh in rivers dure;
Saint Francis birds, & wounds; & Bellarmines breeches
cure.

32

The Hall is vaſtly built for large diſpence;
Where freely uſhers looſeſt Libertie,
The waiters Luſts, the Caterer vaine Expence,
Steward of th' houſe wide panched Gluttonie;
Bed-makers eaſe, ſloth, and ſoft wanton ſenſe;
High Chamberlaine perfumed Lecherie:
The outward Courtes with Wrong, and Bribery ſtink,
That holy *Catherine ſmelt the loathſome ſink
From French Avinions towers, to Tuſcan Siens brinke.

*Saint Fulbert ſucked the breſts of the bleſſed Virgine, ſo ſaith Baranius. Annal. 1028. n. 5.

*Dominicks books lay dry a whole night in a river. Antoninus Sum.

*This is affirmed by Antonine hiſt.

33

The ſtately preſence Princely ſpoyles adorne
Of vaſſal Kings: there ſits the man of pride,
And with his duſty *feete (oh helliſh ſcorne!)
Crownes and uncrownes men by God deifi'de.
*He is that ſeeing, and proud-ſpeaking Horne,
Who ſtiles himſelfe Spouſe of that glorious Bride;
The *Churches Head, and Monarch; Ieſſes rod;
The precious corner ſtone; ſupreame Vice-God;
The Light, the Sunne, the Rock, the Chriſt, the Lord our (God.

*Celeſtine 3 thus delt with Henry 6 Emperour.
*Dan. 7. 8.
*All theſe titles & many more are given to the Popes by their vaſſals, and by them accepted and juſtified.

34

There ſtand the Pillars of the Papacie;
Stout Champions of Romes Almighty power,
Carv'd out as patterns to that holy See.
Boniface 3. Firſt was that Boniface, the cheifeſt flower
In Papal Paradiſe, who climb'd to bee
Firſt univerſall Biſhop-governour.
Boniface 8. Then he, that would be Pope and Emperour too:
And cloſe by them, that monſtrous Prelate, who
Alexander 3 Trampled great Fredericks necke with his proud durty (ſhooe.

35

Above the reſt ſtood famous Hildebrand,
The Father of our Popiſh chaſtitie:
Who forc't brave Henry with bare feet to ſtand,
And beg for entrance, and his amitie.
Finely the workman with his Dedal hand
Had drawne diſdaine ſparkling in's fiery eie,
His face all red with ſhame and angry ſcorne,
To heare his ſonne lament, his Empreſſe mourne,
While this chaſt Father makes poore Aſto weare the horn.

36

There ſtood Lucretia's Father, Husband, Brother, *Alexand. 6.*
The monſter Borgia, cas'd in luſt and blood:
And he that fil'd his child, and quell'd his Mother: *Paul 3.*
He, that was borne, liv'd, died in luſt: there ſtood *Pius 4.*
The female Pope, Romes ſhame, and many other *Iohn 8, or rather Ioan.*
Kindled for hell on earth in luſtfull flood.
These Saints accurſe the married chaſtity,
A wife defiles: oh deep hypocriſy!
Yet uſe, reward, and praiſe twice burning Sodomy.

37

And with thoſe fleſhly ſtood the ſpirituall Bauds:
They chooſe, and frame a goodly ſtone, or ſtock,
Then trimme their puppet god with coſtly gauds.
Ah who can tell which is the verier block,
His god, or he? Such lyes are godly frauds.
Some whips adore, the croſſe, the ſeameleſſe frock,
Nayles, ſpeare, reed, ſpunge; ſome needing no partaker,
Nor uſing any help, but of the Baker;
(Oh more then power divine!) make, chew, and voide
(their Maker.

38

By theſe were plac'd thoſe dire incarnate fiends
Studied in that black art, and that alone:
One leagu'd himſelfe to hell t'effect his ends, *Silveſter 2 and many others.*
In Romes Bee-hive to live the Soveraigne Drone:
Another muſters all the Divels his friends *Gregory 7.*
To pull his Lord out of his rightfull throne;
And worſe then any fiend, with magicke rite
He caſts into the fire the Lord of light:
So ſacrific'd his God to an infernall ſpright.

39

But who can ſumme this holy rablement?
This prais'd the Goſpel as a gainfull tale;
That queſtions heav'ns reward, hels puniſhment;
This for his diſh in ſpight of God doth call;
That heaven taints, infects the Sacrament;
The bread, and ſeale of life perpetuall:
And pois'ning Chriſt, poiſons with him his King;
He life and death in one draught ſwallowing,
Waſn't off his ſinfull ſtaines in that Lifes deadly ſpring.

*Leo* 10. *Iohn* 23, *and* 24. *Henry Emperour was poyſoned in the Sacrament given by a Preiſt, ſet on by Robert King of Naples, and Robert by Clement* 5. *Avent.*

CANTO IIII.

# CANTO IIII.

1

LOoke as a goodly Pile, whoſe ayrie towres
Thruſt up their golden heads to th'azure ſky,
But looſely leanes his weight on ſandy floores:
Such is that mans eſtate, who looking high,
Grounds not his ſinking truſt on heavenly powres:
His tott'ring hopes no ſooner live, but die.
How can that frame be right, whoſe ground is wrong?
Who ſtands upon his owne legges, ſtands not long:
For man's moſt weake in ſtrength, in weaknes only ſtrong.

2

Thus Rome (when drench't in ſeas of Martyrs blood,
And toſt with ſtormes, yet rooted faſt on Chriſt)
Deep grounded on that rocke moſt firmely ſtood:
But when, with pride and worldly pompe entic't
She ſought her ſelfe, ſunke in her riſing flood.
So when of late that boaſted Ieſuite Prieſt *Drury.*
Gath'red his flocke, and now the houſe 'gan ſwell,
And every eare drew in the ſugred ſpell,
Their houſe, and riſing hopes, ſwole, burſt, and head-long (fell.

3

Through this knowne entraunce paſt that ſubtile Spright:
There thundring Paul retir'd he ſullen found,
Boyling his reſtles heart in envious ſpight,
Gall'd with old ſores, and new Venetian wound:
His thoughtfull head lean'd downe his carefull weight
Vpon a chayre, farre fetch't from Dodon ground.
Thence without feare of errour they define;
For there the Spirit his preſence muſt confine.
Oh more then God, who makes his bread, blocks, chayres (divine!

4

But that true Spirit's want this falſe ſupplies:
He folds that Scorners chayre in's cloudy wings,
And paints, and gilds it fayre with colour'd lies.
But now from's damned head a ſnake he flings
Burning in flames: the ſubtile Serpent flies
To th' aymed marke, and fills with firy ſtings
The Papal breſt; his holy boſome ſwells
With pride & rage; ſtraight cals for books, lights, bells,
Frets, fumes, fomes, curſes, chafes, and threatens thouſand (hells.

5

So when cold waters wall'd with braſen wreath
Are ſieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe,
The angry ſeas 'gin fome and hotly breath,
Then ſwell, riſe, rave, and ſtill more furious grow:
Nor can be held; but, preſt with fires beneath,
Toſſing their waves breake out, and all o'reflow.
In haſt he calls a Senate; thither runne
The blood-red Cardinalls, Friers white, and dunne,
And with, and 'bove the reſt Ignatius' eldeſt ſonne.

6

The conclave fills apace; now all are met:
Each knowes his ſtall, and takes his wonted place.
So downe they ſit; and now they all are ſet:
Æquivocus, with his bat-wing'd embrace,
Clucks, broods his chickens, while they ſadly treat;
Their eyes all met in th' holy Fathers face,
There firſt foreſee his ſpeech: a dusky cloud
Hangs on his brow; his eyes fierce lightnings ſhroud,
At length they heare it breake, and rore in thunders loud.

7

Thrice-glorious founders of Romes Hierarchy,
Whoſe towring thoughts and more then manly ſpirit
Beyond the ſpheares have ray'ſd our Monarchy,
Nor earth, nor heaven can pay your boundleſſe merit.
Oh let your ſoules above the loftieſt sky
Your purchaſt crownes and ſcepters juſt inherit.
Here in your pourtraits may you ever live;
While wee (poore ſhadowes of your pictures) grieve
Our ſloth ſhould baſely ſpend, what your high vertues (give.

8

I bluſh to view you: ſee Prieſt-kings, oh ſee
Their lively ſhades our life as ſhades upbrayd:
See how his face ſparkles in majeſty,
Who that firſt ſtone of our vaſt Kingdome layd, *Boniface 3.*
Spous'd the whole Church, and made the world his See:
With what brave anger is his cheek arrayd,
Who Peters uſeles keyes in Tiber flings? *Iulius 8.*
How high he lookes that treades on Baſilisks ſtings, *Alexander 3*
And findes for's lordly foot no ſtool, but necks of Kings?

9

*Clement 5.*

See where among the reſt great Clement ſtands,
Lifting his head 'boye heaven, who Angels cites
And bids them lowly ſtoop at his commands,
And waft tir'd ſoules to thoſe eternall lights.
But what they wonne, we looſe; Townes, Cities, Lands
Revolt: our Buls each petty Lamb-kin ſlights:
We ſtorme and thunder death, they laugh, and gren.
How have we loſt our ſelves? Oh where, and when
Were we thus chang'd? Sure they were more, we leſſe
(then men.

10

*Luther.*

Can that uncloiſt'red Frier with thoſe light armes,
That ſword and ſhield, which we mocke, ſcorne, defie,
Wake all the ſleeping world with loud alarmes,
And ever conqu'ring live, then quiet die?
And live, and dead load us with loſſe and harmes?
A ſingle ſimple Frier? And oh ſhall I,
Chriſt, God on earth, ſo many loſſes beare
With peace and patience? Who then Rome will feare?
Who then to th' Romane God his heart and hands will
(reare?

11

Belgia is wholy loſt, and rather chuſes
Warres, flame, and blood, then peace with Rome & Spain.
Fraunce halfe fal'ne off, all truce and parl' refuſes:
Edicts, maſſacres, leagues, threats, all are vaine.
Their King with painted ſhew our hope abuſes,
And beares our forced yoke with ſcorne, and paine.
So Lyons (bound) ſtoop, crouch with fained awe,
But (loos'd) their Keeper ſeize with Lordly paw,
Drag, rend, & with his fleſh full gorge their greedy maw.

12

See where proud Dandal chain'd, ſome ſcraps expecting,
Lies cur-like under boord, and begs releife:
But now their Corno our three crownes neglecting
Cenſures our ſacred Cenſures, ſcornes our Briefe.
Our Engliſh plots ſome adverſe power detecting
Doubles their joy, trebles our ſhame and griefe.
What have we reap't of all our paines and ſeed?
Seditions, murthers, poyſons, treaſons breed
To us more ſpight and ſcorne; in them more hate & heed.

13

That fleet, which with the Moone for vaſtneſſe ſtood,
Which all the earth, which all the ſea admires,
Amaz'd to ſee on waves a Moone of wood,
Bleſt by our hands, frighted with ſuddaine fires
And Panicke feares, ſunke in the gaping flood:
Some ſplit, ſome yeeld, ſcarce one (that torne) retires.
That long wiſh't houre, when Cynthia ſet i'th'maine,
What hath it brought at length, what change, what gain?
One bright ſtar fell, the Sun is riſ'ne, and all his traine.

14

But Fates decree our fall: high ſwelling * names
Of Monarch, Spouſe, Chriſt, God, breed much debate,
And heape diſdaine, hate, envy, thouſand blames:
And ſhall I yeeld to envy, feare their hate,
Lay downe my titles, quit my juſteſt claimes?
Shall I, earths God, yeeld to uncertaine fate?
Sure I were beſt with cap in hand to pray
My ſheepe be rul'd: I ſcorne that begging way;
* I will, I muſt command; they muſt, they ſhall obay.

* *Dandalus Duke of Venice was cõpeld by the Pope Clement the 5. to crouch under the table chained like a dogge, before he could obtain peace for the Venetians.*

* *The Card. Giure made a motion in the holy office concerning the moderating the Popes titles. But the Pope would give no way to it: as beeing no greater then the authority of Peters ſucceſſour did require.*

* *Paul 5 in all his conferences with the Venetians had that continually in his mouth I muſt be obeyed.* Hiſt. Inter. Ven.

15

Shall I, the worlds bright Sunne, heavens Oracle,
The onely tongue of Gods owne mouth, ſhall I,
Of men, of faith the Iudge infallible,
The rule of good, bad, wrong, and equitie,
Shall I, Almighty, Rock invincible,
Stoop to my ſervants, beg authoritie?
Rome is the worlds, I Romes Head: it ſhall raigne:
Which to effect, I live, rule; this to gaine
Is here my heaven; to looſe is hells tormenting paine.

*It was the ſaying of Paul; that he was purpoſely ſet to maintaine the churches authoritie, and that hee would account it a part of his happines to dye for it Hiſt. Interd. Ven.*

16

So ſaid, and ceas'd: while all the Prieſtly Round
In ſullen greife, and ſtupide ſilence ſat:
This bit his lip, that nayl'd his eye to th' ground,
Some cloud their flaming eyes with ſcarlet hat, (frown'd:
Some gnaſh't their ſpightfull teeth, ſome lowr'd, and
Till (greife and care driven out by ſpight and hate)
Soft murmurs firſt gan creep along the croud:
At length they ſtorm'd, and chaf't, & thundred loud,
And all ſad vengeance ſwore, and all dire miſcheife vow'd.

17

So when a ſable cloud with ſwelling ſayle
Comes ſwimming through calme skies, the ſilent ayre
(While fierce winds ſleepe in Æol's rocky jayle)
With ſpangled beames embroydred, glitters faire:
But ſoone 'gins lowre and grone; ſtraight clatt'ring hayle
Fills all with noyſe: Light hides his golden hayre;
Earth with untimely winter's ſilvered.
Then Loiol's eldeſt Sonne lifts up his head,
Whom all with great applauſe, and ſilence uſhered.

18

Most holy Father, Priests, Kings Soveraigne,
Who equal'st th' highest, makest lesser Gods,
Though Dominick, and Loiola now sustaine
The Lateran Church, with age it stoopes, and noddes:
Nor have we cause to rest, or time to plaine:
Rebellious earth (with heaven it selfe to oddes)
Conspires to ruine our high envi'de state:
Yet may wee by those artes prolong our date,
Whereby wee stand; and if not chaunge, yet stay our fate.

*Pope Innocent the 3 dreamed that the Lateran church at Rome was falling, but that Saint Dominick setting to his shoulders underpropt it, whereupon he confirmed his order.*

19

When captaines strive a fort or towne to winne,
They lay their batt'ry to the weakest side;
Not where the wall, and guard stands thicke, but thinne:
So that wise Serpent his assault appli'de,
And with the weaker vessell would beginne:
He first the woman with distrust and pride,
Then shee the man subdues with flatt'ring lies;
So in one battaile gets two victories:
Our foe will teach us fight, our fall will teach us rise.

20

Our Cheife who every slight and engine knowes,
While on th' old troupes he spent his restles paines,
With equall armes assaulting equall foes,
What hath he got, or wee? What fruite, what gaines
Ensu'de? we beare the losse, and he the blowes:
And while each part their wit, and learning straines,
The breach repaires, and (foil'd) new force assumes:
Their hard encounters, and hot angry fumes
Strike out the sparkling fire, which lights them, us con-
(sumes.

*Bellarmine.*

In

21

In ſtead of heavy armes hence uſe vve ſlight:
Trade we with thoſe, which train'd in ignorance
Have ſmall acquaintance with that heavenly light;
Thoſe who diſgrac't by ſome miſgovernance
(Their owne, or others) ſwell with griefe or ſpight.
But nothing more our Kingdome muſt advance,
Or further our deſignes, then to comply
With that weake ſexe, and by fine forgerie
To worme in womens hearts, chiefly the rich and high.

22

Nor let the ſtronger ſcorne theſe weaker powres;
The labour's leſſe with them, the harveſt more:
They eaſier yeeld, and win; ſo fewer houres
Are ſpent: for vvomen ſooner drinke our lore,
Men ſooner ſippe it from their lippes, then ours:
Svveetly they learne, and ſweetly teach: vvith ſtore
Of teares, ſmiles, kiſſes, and ten thouſand arts
They lay cloſe batt'ry to mens frayler parts:
So finely ſteale themſelves, and us into their hearts.

23

That ſtrongeſt Champion, who with naked hands
A Lyon tore, who all unarm'd and bound
Heap't mounts of armed foes on bloody ſands;
By womans art, without or force or wound
Subdu'de, novv in a mill blind grinding ſtands.
That Sunne of wiſedome, which the Preacher crown'd
Great King of arts, bewitch't with womens ſmiles,
Fell deepe in ſeas of folly by their wiles.
Wit, ſtrength, and grace it ſelfe yeeld to their flatt'ring
(guiles.

This

24

This be our skirmiſh: for the maine, releaſe
The Spaniſh forces, free ſtrong Belgia
From feare of warre, let armes and armies ceaſe.
What got our Alva, Iohn of Auſtria?
Our Captaine, Guile; our weapons eaſe, and peace:
Theſe more prevaile then Parma, Spinola.
The Dutch ſhall yeeld us armes, and men; there dwell
Arminians, who from heaven halfe way fell:
A doubtfull ſect, which hang 'tween truth, lies, heauen and (hell.

25

Theſe Epicens haye ſowne their ſubtile brayne
With thorny difference, and neat illuſion:
Proud, fierce, the adverſe part they much diſdaine.
Theſe muſt be handled ſoft with fine colluſion,
For Calvins hate to ſide with Rome and Spaine,
To worke their owne, and their owne-homes confuſion.
And by large ſummes, more hopes, wee muſt bring in
Wiſe Barnevelt to lay our plotted gin:
So where the Lyon fayles, the Fox ſhall eas'ly win.

26

The flowres of Fraunce, thoſe faire delicious flowres,
Which late are imp't in ſtemme of proud Navar,
With eaſe wee may transferre to Caſtile bowres.
Feare not that ſleeping Lyon: this I dare,
And will make good ſpight of all envious powres, (ayre,
When that great bough moſt threats the neighb'ring
Then ſhall he fall: when now his thonghts worke high,
And in their pitch their tovvring ptojects fly,
Then ſhall he ſtoop; his hopes ſhall droop, and drop, & dy.

27

Wee have not yet forgot the ſhamefull day,
When forc't from Fraunce and our new holds to fly
(Hooted, and chac't as owles) we ran away.
That Pillar of our laſting infamy
Though raz'd, yet in our minds doth freſhly ſtay.
Hence love wee that great King ſo heartily,
That but his heart nought can our hearts content:
His bleeding heart from crazy body rent,
Shrin'd in bright gold ſhall ſtand our Ieſuite monument.

28

This be our taske: the aged truncke wee'l lop,
And force the ſprigges forget their former kind:
Wee'l graft the tender twigges on Spaniſh top,
And with faſt knots Fraunce unto Spaine wee'l bind,
With croſſe, and double knotts: wee'l ſtill, and drop
The Romane ſap into their empty mind:
Wee'l hold their heart, wee'l porter at their eare,
The head, the feet, the hands wee'l wholy ſteare:
That at our nod the head the heart it ſelfe ſhall teare.

29

All this a Prologue to our Tragedy:
My head's in travaile of an hideous
And fearfull birth; ſuch as may fright the ſky,
Turne back the Sun: helpe, helpe Ignatius.
And in this act proove thy new Deity.
I have a plot worthy of Rome and us,
Which with amazement heaven, and earth ſhall fill:
Nor care I whether right, wrong, good, or ill:
Church-profit is our law, our onely rule thy will.

30

That bleſſed Iſle, ſo often curſt in vaine,
Triumphing in our loſſe and idle ſpight,
Of force ſhall ſhortly ſtoop to Rome and Spayne:
I'le take a way ne're knowne to man or ſpright.
To kill a King is ſtale, and I diſdaine:
That fits a Secular, not a Ieſuite.
Kings, Nobles, Clergy, Commons high and low,
The Flowre of England in one houre I'le mow,
And head all th' Iſle with one unſeen, unfenced blow.

31

A goodly frame, rays'd high with carved ſtones,
Leaning his lofty head on marble ſtands
Cloſe by that Temple, where the honour'd bones
Of Britaine Kings and many Princely Grands
Adorned reſt with golden ſcutcheons:
Garniſh't with curious worke of Dedal hands.
Low at his baſe the ſwelling Thamis falls,
And ſliding downe along thoſe ſtately halls,
Doth that chiefe Citie waſh, and fence with liquid walls.

32

Here all the States in full aſſembly meet,
And every order rank't in fit array,
Cloth'd with rich robes fill up the crowded ſtreet.
Next 'fore the King his Heier leades the way,
Glitt'ring with gemmes, and royall Coronet:
So golden Phoſphor uſhers in the day.
And all the while the trumpets triumphs ſound,
And all the while the peoples votes reſound:
Their ſhoutes and tramplings ſhake the ayre and dauncing ground.

33

There in Astrea's ballaunce doe they weigh
The right and wrong, reward and punishment;
And rigour with soft equitie allay,
Curbe lawles lust, and stablish government;
There Rome it selfe, and us they dare affray
With bloody lawes, and threatnings violent:
Hence all our suff'rings, * torments exquisite,
Varied in thousand formes, appli'de to fright
The harmeles yet (alas!) and spotles Iesuite.

* *The printed lies concerning the torments of their Romane Martyrs which I sawe in the study of that learned Knight Sir* Thomas Hutchinson *priviledged by the Pope for their are monstrous impudency incredible.*

34

But Cellars large, and cavernes vaulted deep
With bending arches borne, and columnes strong
Vnder that stately building slyly creep:
Here Bacchus lyes, conceal'd from Iuno's wrong,
Whom those cold vaults from hot-breath'd ayers keep.
In place of these wee'l other barrels throng,
Stuf't with those firy sands, and black dry mould,
Which from blue Phlegetons shores that Frier bold
Stole with dire hand, and yet hells force and colour hold.

35

And when with numbers just the house gins swell,
And every state hath fill'd his station,
When now the King mounted on lofty sell,
With honyed speech and comb'd oration
Charm's every eare, midst of that sugred spell
I'le teare the walls, blow up the nation,
Bullet to heaven the stones with thunders loud,
Equall to th' earth the courts, and turrets proud,
And fire the shaking towne, & quench't with royall blood.

36

Oh how my dauncing heart leapes in my breaſt
But to fore-thinke that noble tragedie!
I thirſt, I long for that blood-royall feaſt.
See where their lawes, ſee, Holy Father, ſee
Where lawes and Makers, and above the reſt
Kings marſhal'd in due place through th' ayer flee: (bones:
There goes the heart, there th' head, there ſindged
Heark, Father, heark; hear'ſt not thoſe muſicke tones?
Some rore, ſome houle, ſome ſhriek; earth, hell, and ayer
(grones.

37

Thus ſang, and dovvne he ſat; vvhile all the Quire
Attune their ecchoing voices to his layes:
Some Ieſuite Pietie, and zealous fire,
Some his deepe reaching vvit, and judgement praiſe:
And all the plot commend, and all admire,
But moſt great Paul himſelfe: a vvhile he ſtayes,
Then ſuddaine riſing, vvith embraces long
He hugges his ſonne, vvhile yet the paſſion ſtrong
Wanting due vent, makes teares his vvords, and eyes his
(tongue.

38

At length the heart too full his joy diſpers't,
Which mounting on the tongue, thus overflovves:
You Romane Saints, to vvhoſe deare reliques herſt
In golden ſhrines every true Catholike bovves,
And thou of leſſer gods the beſt and firſt, *Thomas Becket.*
Great Engliſh Thomas, uſhering our vovves,
Who giv'ſt heaven by thy blood, and precious merit,
I ſee vve ſtill your love and helpe inherit,
Who in our need rayſe up ſo true a Romane ſpirit.

39

What meed (my Sonne) can Christ, or he above,
Or I beneath, to thy deservings weigh?
What heaven can recompence thy pious love?
In Lateran Church thy statue crown'd with bay
In gold shall mounted stand next highest Iove:
To thee wee'l humbly kneele, and vowe, and pray:
Haile Romes great Patron, ease our restles cares,
Possesse thy heaven, and prosper our affayres,
Even now inure thine eare to our religious prayers.

40

So up they rose as full of hope, as spight,
And every one his charge with care applies.
Equivocus with heart, and pinions light
Downe posting to th' Infernall shadowes flies;
Fills them with joyes, such joyes as Sonnes of night
Enjoy, such as from sinne and mischiefe rise.
With all they envy, greive, and inly grone
To see themselves out-sinn'd: and every one
Wish't he the Iesuit were, and that dire plot his owne.

CANTO V.

# CANTO V.

1

LOoke as a wayward child would ſomething have,
Yet flings away, wralls, ſpurn's, his Nurſe abuſes:
So froward man, what moſt his longings crave,
(Likenes to God) profer'd by God refuſes:
But will be rather ſinnes baſe drudge and ſlave.
The ſhade by Satan promiſ'd greed'ly chuſes,
And with it death and hell. Oh wretched ſtate,
Where not the eyes, but feete direct the gate!
So miſſe what moſt we wiſh, and have what moſt we hate.

2

Thus will this man of ſinne be like to Chriſt,
A King, yet not in heaven, but earth that raignes;
That murthers, ſaves not Chriſtians; th' higheſt Preiſt,
Yet not to wait his courſe, (that he diſdaines)
But to advaunce aloft his mitred creſt;
That Chriſt himſelfe may wait upon his traynes.
Straunge Prieſt, oft heaven he ſells, but never buyes:
Straunge Doctor, hating truth, enforcing lyes:
Thus Satan is indeed, and Chriſt by contraryes.

3

And ſuch his Miniſters all gliſt'ring bright
In night and ſhades, and yet but rotten wood,
And fleſhly Devils: ſuch this Ieſuite,
Who (Loiol's Enſigne) thirſts for Engliſh blood.
He culs choice ſoules (ſoules vow'd to th' Prince of night,
And Prieſt of Rome) ſweares them (an Engliſh brood,
Bi t hatch't in Rome for Spaine) cloſe to conceale,
And execute what he ſhould then reveale:
Binds them to hell in ſin, & makes heavens Lord the ſeale.

4

Now are they met; this armed with a ſpade,
That with a mattocke, voide of ſhame and feare:
The earth (their Grandame Earth) they fierce invade,
And all her bowels ſearch, and rent, and teare,
Then by her ruines fleſh't, much bolder made,
They ply their worke; and now neere hell, they heare
Soft voices, murmurs, doubtfull whiſperings:
The fearfull conſcience prick't with guilty ſtings,
A thouſand helliſh formes into their fancy brings.

5

This like a ſtatue ſtands; cold fright congeales
His marble limbes; to th'earth another falling,
Creeping behind a barrell ſoftly ſteales:
A third into an empty hogſhead cralling,
Locks up his eyes, drawes in his ſtragling heeles:
A fourth, in vaine for ſuccour loudly calling,
Flies through the aire as ſwift as gliding ſtarre;
Pale, ghaſtly, like infernall ſprites afarre
Each to his fellow ſeemes: and ſo, or worſe they are.

6

So when in sleep's soft grave dead sences rest,
An earthly vapour clamb'ring up the braine
Brings in a meagre ghost, whose launched brest
Showres downe his naked corps a bloody raine:
A dull-blue-burning torch about his crest
He ghastly waves; halfe dead with frightfull paine
The leaden foot faine would, but cannot fly;
The gaping mouth faine would, but cannot cry:
And now awake still dreames, nor trusts his open eye:

7

At length those streames of life, which ebbing low
Were all retir'd into the frighted heart,
Backe to their wonted chanels gan to flow:
So peeping out, yet trembling every part,
And list'ning now with better heed, they know
Those next adjoyning roomes hollow'd by art
To lie for cellerage: which glad they hire,
And cramme with powder, and unkindled fire:
Slacke aged Time with plaints and praires they daily tire.

8

Slow Time, which every houre grow'st old and young,
Which every minute dy'st, and liv'st againe;
Which mak'st the strong man weak, the weak man strong:
Sad time which fly'st in joy, but creep'st in paine,
Thy steppes uneven are still too short or long:
Devouring Time, who bear'st a fruitfull traine,
And eat'st what er'e thou bear'st, why dost not flee,
Why do'st not post to view a Tragedie,
Which never time yet saw, which never time shall see?

9

Among them all none ſo impatient
Of ſtay, as firy Faux, whoſe griſly feature
Adorn'd with colours of hells regiment
( Soot black, and fiery red ) betrayd his nature.
His frighted Mother, when her time ſhee went,
Oft dream't ſhe bore a ſtraunge, & monſtrous creature,
A brand of hell ſweltring in fire and ſmoke,
Who all, and 's Mother's ſelfe would burne and choke:
So dream't ſhe in her ſleep, ſo found ſhe when ſhe woke.

10

Rome was his Nurſe, and Spaine his Tutour; ſhe
With wolviſh milk fleſh't him in deadly lyes,
In hate of Truth, and ſtubborn errour: he
Fats him with humane blood, inures his eyes
Daſh't braines, torne guts, and trembling hearts to ſee,
And tun'de his eare with grones and ſhrieking cryes.
Thus nurſt, bred, growne a Canniball, now preſt
To be the leader of this troup, he bleſt
His bloody maw with thought of ſuch a royall feaſt.

11

Meane time the Eye, which needs no light to ſee,
That wakefull Eye, which never winks or ſleepes,
That pureſt Eye, which hates iniquitie,
That carefull Eye, which ſafe his Iſrael keepes,
From which no word, or thought can hidden bee,
Look's from his heaven, and piercing through the deepes,
With hate, and ſcorne viewes the dire Ieſuite
Weary his hand, and quinteſſentiall wit,
To weave himſelfe a ſnare, and dig himſelfe a pit.

12

That Mounting Eagle, which beneath his throne
(His Saphire throne) fixed on Chryſtall baſe,
Broadly diſpreds his heaven-wide pineon,
On whome, when ſinfull earth he ſtrikes with 'maze,
He wide diſplayes his black pavilion,
And thundring, fires high towres with flaſhing blaze:
Darke waters draw their ſable curtaines o're him,
With flaming wings the burning Angels ſhore him,
The cloudes, & guilty heavens for feare fly faſt before him:

13

That mounting Eagle forth he ſuddaine calls,
Fly, winged Herald, to that Citie fly,
Whoſe towres my love, truth, wiſedome builds and walls:
There to the Councell this foule plot deſcry:
And while thy doubtfull writ their wit appalls,
That great Peace-makers ſenſe Ile open, I
Will cleere his mind, and plaine thoſe ridling folds.
So ſaid, ſo done: no place or time with holds
His inſtant courſe, the towne he thinks, he ſees, and holds.

14

There in another ſhape to that wiſe Peer
(That wiſeſt Peer) he gives a darkſome ſpell:
He was the ſtates Treaſure, and Treaſurer,
Spaines feare, but Englands earthly oracle;
He Patron to my Mother Cambridge, where
Thouſand ſweet Muſes, thouſand Graces dwell:
But neither hee, nor humane wit could find
The riddles ſenſe, till that learn'd royall mind,
Lighted from heaven, ſoone the knot, and plot untwin'd.

15

And now the fatall Morne approached neare:
The Sunne, and every ſtarre had quench't their light,
Loathing ſo black a deed: the Articke Beare
Enjoyn'd to ſtay, trembling at ſuch a ſight,
Though drench't in ayrie ſeas, yet wink't for feare.
But helliſh Faux laught at blinde heavens affright.
What? Such a deed not ſeen? In vaine (ſaith he)
You drowne your lights; if heaven envious be,
I'le bring hell fires for light, that all the world may ſee.

16

So entring in, reviewes th'infernall mines;
Marſhals his casks anew, and ord'ring right
The tragicke Scene, his helliſh worke refines:
And now return'd, booted, and dreſt for flight,
A watchfull Swaine the Miner undermines,
Holds, binds, brings out the Plot to view the light:
The world amaz'd, hel yawn'd, earth gap't, heaven ſtar'd,
Rome howl'd to ſee long hopes ſo ſudden mar'd:
(The net was ſet, the fowle eſcap't, the fowler ſnar'd.)

17

Oh thou great Shepheard, Earths, Heavens Soveraigne,
Whom we thy paſture-ſheep admire, adore;
See all thy flocks proſtrate on Britaine plaine,
Pluck't from the ſlaughter; fill their mouthes with ſtore
Of incens't praiſe: oh ſee, ſee every ſwaine
'Maz'd with thy workes; much 'maz'd, but raviſh't more:
Powre out their hearts thy glorious name to raiſe;
Fire thou our zealous lippes with thankfull laies;
Make this ſav'd Iſle to burne in love, to ſmoke in praiſe.

18

Teach me thy groome, here dull'd in fenny mire,
In theſe ſweet layes, oh teach me beare a part:
Oh thou dread Spirit ſhed thy heavenly fire,
Thy holy flame into this frozen heart:
Teach thou my creeping Muſe to heaven aſpire,
Learne my rude breſt, learne me that ſacred art,
Which once thou taught'ſt thy Iſraels ſhepheard-King:
O raiſe my ſoft veine to high thundering;
Tune thou my lofty ſong, thy glory would I ſing.

19

Thou liv'dſt before, beyond, without all time;
Art held in none, yet filleſt every place:
Ah, how (alas!) how then ſhall mortall ſlime
With ſinfull eyes view that eternall ſpace,
Or comprehend thy name in meaſur'd rime?
To ſee forth-right the eie was ſet i'th' face,
Hence, infinite to come I wel deſcry,
Paſt infinite no creature ſees with eie:
Onely th' Eternall's ſelfe meaſures eternitie.

20

And yet by thee, to thee all live and move;
Thou without place or time giv'ſt times and places:
The heavens (thy throne) thou lifteſt all above,
Which folded in their mixt, but pure embraces
Teach us in their conjunctions chaſteſt love,
Next to the Earth the Moone performes her races;
Then Mercury; beyond, the Phoſphor bright:
Theſe with their friendly heat, and kindly might,
Warme pallid Cynthia's cold, and draine her watry light.

21

Farre thou remoov'ſt ſlow Saturn's froſty drythe,
And thaw'ſt his yce with Mars his flaming ire:
Betwixt them Iove by thy appointment fly'th;
Who part's, and temper's well his Sonne and Sire;
His moiſt flames dull the edge of Saturnes ſithe,
And ayry moiſture ſoftens Mars his fire.
The Heart of heaven midſt of heavens bodie rides,
From whoſe full ſea of light and ſpringing tides
The leſſer ſtreames of light fill up their empty ſides.

22

The Virgin Earth, all in green-ſilken weed
(Embroyder'd fayre with thouſand flowres) arrayd:
Whoſe wombe untill'd knew yet nor plough, nor ſeed,
Nor midwifry of man, nor heavens ayd,
Amaz'd to ſee her num'rous Virgin breed,
Her fruit even fruitfull, yet her ſelfe a mayd:
The earth of all the low'ſt, yet middle lies;
Nor ſinks, though looſely hang'd in liquid skies:
For riſing were her fall; and falling were her riſe.

23

Next Earth the Sea a teſty neighbour raves,
Which caſting mounts, and many a churliſh hill,
Diſcharges 'gainſt her walles his thundring waves,
Which all the ſhores with noyſe and tumult fill:
But all in vaine; thou beat'ſt downe all his braves;
When thee he heares commanding, Peace, be ſtill,
Downe ſtraight he lowly falls, disbands his traynes,
Sinks in himſelfe, and all his mountaines playnes,
Soft peace in all the ſhores, and quiet ſtillnes raygnes.

24

Thou mad'ſt the circling ayre aloft to fly,
And all this Round infold at thy command;
So thinne, it never could be ſeen with eye,
So groſſe, it may be felt with every hand.
Next to the horned Moon and neighbour sky,
The fire thou higheſt bad'ſt, but fartheſt ſtand.
Straungely thou temper'ſt their adverſe affection:
Though ſtill they hate and fight, by thy direction
Their ſtrife maintaines their owne, and all the worlds per-
(fection.

25

For Earth's cold arme cold Winter friendly holds;
But with his dry the others wet defies:
The Ayer's warmth deteſts the Water's colds;
But both a common moiſture joyntly ties:
Warme Ayre with mutuall love hot Fire infolds;
As moiſt, his drythe abhorres: drythe Earth allies
To Fire, but heats with cold new warres addreſſe:
Thus by their peacefull fight, and fighting peace
All creatures grow, and dye, and dying ſtill increaſe.

26

Above them all thou ſit'ſt, who gav'ſt all being,
All every where, in all, and over all:
Thou their great Vmpire, all their ſtrife agreeing,
Bend'ſt their ſtiffe natures to thy ſoveraigne call:
Thine eye their law: their ſteppes by overſeeing
Thou overrul'ſt, and keep'ſt from ſlipp'ry fall.
Oh if thy ſteady hand ſhould not maintaine
What firſt it made, all ſtraight would fall againe,
And nothing of this All, ſave nothing would remaine.

27

Thou bid'ſt the Sunne piece out the ling'ring day,
Glitt'ring in golden fleece: The lovely Spring
Comes dauncing on; the Primroſe ſtrewes her way,
And ſatten Violet: Lambs wantoniug
Bound o're the hillocks in their ſportfull play:
The wood-muſicians chant and cheerely ſing;
The World ſeemes new, yet old by youths accruing.
Ah wretched men, ſo wretched world purſuing,
Which ſtill growes worſe with age, and older by renuing!

28

At thy command th' Earth travailes of her fruit;
The Sunne yeelds longer labour, ſhorter ſleep;
Out-runnes the Lyon in his hot purſuit;
Then of the golden Crab learnes backe to creep:
Thou Autumne bid'ſt (dreſt in ſtraw-yellow ſuit)
To preſſe, tunne, hide his grapes in cellars deep:
Thou cloth'ſt the Earth with freez in ſtead of graſſe,
While keen-breath'd winter ſteeles her furrow'd face,
And vials rivers up, and ſeas in Chryſtall glaſſe.

29

What, but thy love and thou, which feele no change?
Seas fill, and want: their waters fall, and grow;
The windy aire each houre can wildly range;
Earth lives, and dies; heavens lights can ebbe, and flow:
Thy Spowſe her ſelfe, while yet a Pilgrim ſtrange,
Treading this weary world (like Cynthia's bow)
Now full of glorious beames, and ſparkling light;
Then ſoone oppos'd, eclips't with earthly ſpight
Seemes drown'd in ſable clouds, buried in endles night.

30

See, Lord, ah ſee thy rancorous enemies
Blowne up with envious ſpight, but more with hate,
Like boiſterous windes, and Seas high-working, riſe:
So earthly fires, wrapt up in watry night,
With dire approach invade the gliſtring skies.
And bid the Sunne put out his ſparkling light;
See Lord, unles thy right hand even ſteares
Oh if thou anchour not theſe threatning feares,
Thy Ark will ſayle as deepe in blood, as now in teares.

31

That curſed Beaſt, (which with thy Princely hornes,
with all thy ſtiles, and high prerogatives
His carrion cor'ſ and Serpents head adornes)
His croaking Frogges to every quarter drives:
See how the key of that deep pit he tournes,
And cluck's his Locuſts from their ſmoky hives:
See how they riſe, and with their numerous ſwarmes
Filling the world with fogges, and fierce alarmes,
Bury the earth with bloodles corps, and bloody armes.

32

The baſtard Sonne of that old Dragon (red
With blood of Saints) and all his petty ſtates;
That triple monſter, Geryon, who bred,
Nurs't, fleſh't in blood thy ſervants deadly hates,
And that ſeduced Prince who hath his head
Eyes, eares, and tongue all in the Ieſuite pates;
All theſe, and hundred Kings, and nations, drunk
With whoriſh Cup of that dire witch and punk,
Have ſworne to ſee thy Church in death for ever ſunk.

33

Now from thoſe hel-hounds turne thy glorious eyes;
See, ſee thy fainting Spouſe ſwimme, ſinke in teares:
Heare Lord, oh heare her grones, and ſhrieking cries:
Thoſe eyes long wait for thee: Lord to thine eares
She brings heart, lips, a Turtle ſacrifice.
Thy curſed foe that Pro-Chriſt trophies reares:
How long (juſt Lord) how long wilt thou delay
That drunken whore with blood and fire to pay?
Thy Saints, thy truth, thy name's blaſphem'd; how canſt (thou ſtay?

34

*Revel.* 19.11 12. 13. 14. *Revel* 14.20

Oh is not this the time, when mounted high
Vpon thy Pegaſus of heavenly breed,
With bloody armes, white armies, flaming eye,
Thou vow'ſt in blood to ſwimme thy ſnowy ſteed;
And ſtaine thy bridle with a purple dye?
This, this thy time; come then, oh come with ſpeed,
Such as thy Iſrael ſaw thee, when the maine
Pil'd up his waves on heapes; the liquid plaine
Ran up, and with his hill ſafe wall'd that wandring traine.

35

Such as we ſaw thee late, when ſpaniſh braves
(Preventing fight with printed victorie)
Full fraught with brands, whips, gyves for Engliſh ſlaves,
Bleſt by their Lord God Pope, thine enemie,
Turn'd ſeas to woods; thou arm'd with fires, winds, waves,
Frown'ſt on their pride: they feare, they faint, they fly:
Some ſink in drinking ſeas, or drunken ſand,
Some yeeld, ſome daſh on rocks; the Spaniſh Grand
Banquets the fiſh in ſeas, or foules, and dogs on land.

36

Oh when wilt thou unlock the ſeeled eyes
Of thoſe ten hornes, and Kings, which with the Beaſt
(Yet by thy hand) 'gan firſt to ſwell and riſe?
How long ſhall they (charm'd with her drunken feaſt)
Give her their crownes? Bewitch't with painted lies,
They dreame thy ſpirit breathes from her ſug'red breaſt,
Thy Sun burnes with her eye-reflected beames,
From her life, light, all grace, and glory ſtreames.
Wake theſe enchaunted ſleepes, ſhake out theſe helliſh (dreames.

*Revel.17.12 13. 16.*

37

Wake leſſer Gods, you ſacred Deputies
Of heavens King, awake: ſee, ſee the light
Bares that foule whore, diſpells her ſorceries,
Blanch't skin, dead lippes, ſowre breath, ſplay foot, owl-
Ah can you dote on ſuch deformities? (ſight.
While you will ſerve in crownes, and beg your right,
Pray, give fill up her never fill'd deſire, (hire.
You her white Sonnes: elſe knives, dags, death your
Scorne this baſe yoke; ſtrip, eat, and burne her fleſh in fire.

*Revel.17.16*

38

But thou, Greate Prince, in whoſe ſucceſſefull raigne,
Thy Britanes 'gin renue their Martiall fame,
Our Soverai'gne Lord, our joy more Soveraigne,
Our onely Charles, under whoſe ominous name
Rome wounded firſt, ſtill pines in ling'ring paine;
Thou who haſt ſeen, and loath'd Romes whoriſh ſhame,
Rouſe thoſe brave Sparkes, which in thy boſome ſwell,
Caſt downe this ſecond Lucifer to hell:
So ſhalt thou all thy Sires, ſo ſhalt' thy ſelfe excell.

39

'Tis not in vaine, that Christ hath girt thy head
With three fayre peacefull Crownes: 'tis not in vaine,
That in thy Realmes such spirits are dayly bred,
Which thirst, and long to tug with Rome, and Spayne:
Thy royall Sire to Kings this lecture red;
This, this deserv'd his pen, and learned veine:
Here, noble Charles, enter thy chevalrie;
The Eagle scornes at lesser game to flie;
Onely this warre's a match worthy thy Realmes, & Thee.

40

Ah happy man, that lives to see that day!
Ah happy man, who in that warre shall bleed!
Happy who beares the standard in that fray!
Happy who quells that rising Babel seed!
Thrice happy who that whore shall doubly pay!
This (royall Charles) this be thy happy meed.
Mayst thou that triple diademe trample downe,
This shall thy name in earth, and heaven renowne,
And adde to these three here there a thrice triple crowne.

*FINIS.*

Allen Ashcroft